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THE
INDISCREET LOVER:
A
COMEDY.

As it was performed at the
King's Theatre in the Haymarket,
For the BENEFIT of the
BRITISH LYING-IN HOSPITAL
IN
BROWNLOW-STREET.

By A. B. PORTAL.

Here Love his golden Shafts employs - - - -
Reigns here and revels: Not in the bought Smile
Of Harlots - - - - - MILTON.

L O N D O N,

Printed for G. KEARSLEY, at N^o. 1, in Ludgate-Street.

MDCC LXVIII.

[Pr. 1s. 6d.]

BOOKS *written by the same* AUTHOR.

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TO HIS GRACE THE
DUKE of PORTLAND,

Esq. Esq.

P R E S I D E N T
OF THE
BRITISH Lying-in Hospital
IN
BROWNLOW-STREET.

MY LORD,

***** S, through Your Grace's generous
* A * Condescension, I am permitted to
***** lay this Trifle at your Feet, I could
wish the Performance were more worthy of
its Noble Patron: Not that I mean thereby
to depreciate my own Work—I leave that
for others—but because, were it equal to

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iv DEDICATION.

the best Dramatic Performance, ancient or modern, it would still admit of Amendment; and I should still wish it better, that it might do more Honour to Your Grace's Goodness. I have this Consolation however, be what will its Defects, that it was intended to expose Vice to a just Detestation, and to recommend the most virtuous, useful, and felicitous of Connections. Had it been otherwise, I would certainly have sought Protection from some very different Quarter. Your Grace has been actuated by the same Principles, and has promoted the same laudable Purpose in the most effectual Manner, by nobly Patronizing and Presiding over a Charity, the sole Business of which is, by relieving those Distresses unavoidably incident thereto, among the poorer Sort, to remove those Impediments that are most likely to stand in its Way. If I have drawn the vicious Characters with some Strength, it has been with a View only of making the virtuous ones appear more strikingly amiable: For sure I am, whoever beholds

DEDICATION. v

beholds them together, must be wilfully blind not to see the infinite Disproportion between them.

I am, MY LORD, with the most profound Deference and Respect,

YOUR GRACE'S

Most humble,

Most dutiful, and

Most obliged Servant,

Ludgate-Hill,
May 16, 1768.

Ab. Portal.

Advertisement.

AS it has been thought, and I do not pretend to deny, that there is a considerable Similitude between the Characters and Circumstances of the principal Heroine of this Comedy, and of Mr. *Colman's English Merchant*; the Author thinks it necessary to assure his Readers, that his Piece was finished, much as it now is, some time before the Exhibition of that Performance; and that he had never so much as seen the Work of *Voltaire*, from which that Play was taken—nevertheless is not displeased to find, that he has accidentally hit upon any thing in common with two such eminent Masters. He hopes the Public will make proper Allowances for the Imperfections of the Representation, when they consider, that several of the Performers never appeared on any Stage before, and but one on any of the capital ones: Yet he is of opinion some of them would not have disgraced a Royal Company.

Occasional PROLOGUE.

*THE Roman Bard was deem'd a glorious Wight,
Who taught to mingle Profit with Delight:*

*But Britain's Sons to nobler Heights aspire,
Whose Pleasures kindle at Devotion's Fire---*

Devotion did I say?---nay, never start,

The best Religion is a feeling Heart:

Approving Heav'n the Sacrifice will own,

And Virtue's Wreaths our well-chose Pastimes crown.

To soothe the Sorrows of disastrous Love,

And Mis'ry's Pangs from Beauty's Breast to move;

When Anguish, Fear, and Poverty unite,

To cheer the Gloom, and chase each dreary Sprite;

To bid the tender Infant rear its Head,

Nor pining Want, nor chilling Boreas dread,

Are Actions worthy of a noble Soul,

And speed the British Fame from Pole to Pole.

Let not the Venal or the Grave exclaim,

"The Sons of Want should check each am'rous Flame;

"Nor should unportion'd Virgins seek to please

"Their wanton Fancies at th' Expence of Ease:

"Those Pangs are voluntary which they bear,

"Then why should we for their Imprudence care?"

Avaunt, ye Wretches!--but no such are here---

Who ne'er for human Mis'ry shed a Tear.

Has not kind Heav'n alike throughout our Race

Diffus'd each native Charm, each blooming Grace?

The Rich and Poor are made alike to feel

The Pow'r of Beauty, and the Pow'r of Steel:

Engrossing Gold, can they not be content?

Would they engross each Blessing Heav'n has lent?

Happy the Bard by this kind Audience grac'd,

Whose Joy is Goodness, and whose Judgment Taste:

No envious Hiss, no base malicious Sneer,

No snarling Critic can our Author fear:

Secure of Candour, he resigns his Cause

To Virtue's Judgment, and Good-nature's Laws.

3~

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

TRAFFICK.

OLD REYNARD.

YOUNG REYNARD.

WEALTHY.

TRUSTY.

CLODPOLE.

TIM.

W O M E N.

LUCIA.

FANNY.

KITTY.

SALLY.

ARTFUL.



THE
INDISCREET LOVER.

A C T I.

S C E N E, *The Street.*

TRAFFICK and YOUNG REYNARD meeting.

TRAFFICK.

***ACK REYNARD!

* Y. Reynard. Ned Traffick!

* Traff. What, in the Name of all the Seven
*** Wonders, can this mean? Why, Jack!

I thought to have found thee in thy 'Compting-house,
with Brow contracted, and Face a Yard long, poring
over some enormous Ledger, with a Goose-quill, in-
deed, sticking in thy Cap—but not such a gaudy
Feather as I see thy Head is now adorn'd with.—The
Coffee-house Waiters have not yet buckled their
Shoes—and here art thou, trick'd out as for a Ball—

B

something

2 THE INDISCREET LOVER:

something soil'd tho'.—Ah, *Jack*! I fear this is Yesterday's Finery—up all Night, by *Jupiter*!

Y. Reyn. Let's look under thy Wig, *Ned*; for certainly thou must be cropp'd.

Traff. This is not usual with thee—there must be some extraordinary Cause to make thee guilty of such Irregularity; for, to say the Truth, thou dost in general manage even thy Vices with more Prudence, than many do their Virtues. May one not know, *Jack*?

Y. Reyn. I can't tell—let me consider—it is not every Secret that is fit for thy Ear: for truly, *Ned*, thou dost inherit such strange Notions, from thy great great Grandame, of Virtue, and Modesty, and disinterested Love, and such Stuff—but—I think—here is nothing for thy Conscience to be squeamish at—therefore I don't much care if I do tell thee.

Traff. Dear *Jack*! thou know'st I love thee—I'm all on fire.

Y. Reyn. Well then, thou shalt know—So am I, but I desire to keep my Flame all to myself. O *Ned*! last Night! last, did I say?—'Sdeath, it is present still. I hav'n't been in Bed yet—nor will I, till my Happiness is complete—Such a Wench! fair as Chastity—melting as Flattery—kind as the free-embracing Air—and rich, rich, my Boy, as an *English*-hunted Nabob.

Traff. Truce with thy Raptures, dear *Reynard*, and let a body seriously know where you met with her—who she is—and what Reason she has given you for all this Transport.

Y. Reyn. Altho' I am, indeed, driven by this Hurricane of pleasing Incidents beyond my usual Bounds of Temper, nevertheless thou knowest I never lose Sight of the main Point—thou heard'st me say she is rich—otherwise all her Charms, were they ten times more than they are, had never for one Moment overset my Philosophy.

Philosophy. I know the Value of Liberty, *Ned*, from a Printer's Devil to a Right Honourable Patriot, and depend upon it, will never part with mine under a Plumb.

Traff. Thou art the most mercenary Coxcomb!—but to my Questions—Where?

Y. Reyn. To answer thee methodically then—at the Temple of Elegance in *Soho*;—Secondly, she is the only Daughter of a Merchant, well known to be immensely rich;—and lastly, she has granted me so many Favours already, it would be downright Impudence in her to refuse to give up all the remaining ones.

Traff. But what Hopes canst thou have of obtaining her Father's Consent?

Y. Reyn. There com'st thou in again with those antiquated Notions of thine—suppose I can obtain his Money, won't that do as well?

Traff. Thou wouldst not steal her, *Jack*?

Y. Reyn. I fear, if I did, my Conscience would not let me sleep—the first Night—however, that is not my Intention—'twou'd give the Old Hunks too fair an Opportunity to bilk me of the best Part of my Bargain. I am to breakfast with her at Eleven in her Room. She is to pretend Sickness—her Maid is instructed to introduce me privately, and then you shall know more.—If I stand in need of your Assistance, you will give it me?

Traff. With all my Heart—as far as Honour will permit.

Y. Reyn. In Love and War, *Ned*, every Stratagem is honourable, so it but leads to Victory—How goes your Affair with *Lucia*? Your Designs are quite honourable, I hope—ha! ha! ha!

Traff. Nay, do not laugh at me, *Jack*, thou know'st my Embarrassment—and I was now coming to ask thy Advice,—

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Advice.—Hitherto I have assum'd the Character only of a disinterested Friend—shall I declare myself her Lover, and give way to the Violence of my Wishes?

Y. Reyn. By all means.

Traff. I have reason to think she loves me.

Y. Reyn. Doubt it not.

Traff. And so make an End of it at once?

Y. Reyn. The sooner the better, and put the poor Thing out of its Pain.

Traff. I am rejoic'd, *Jack*, to find thee of my Way of thinking; for truly I was afraid of thy Money-craving Genius; but I am now convinced it is only a Trick of rattling thou hast got—Thou shalt put me in Possession of my Prize.

Y. Reyn. With all my Heart.

Traff. Let me embrace thee, my dear, dear Friend; and as soon as I can get her Consent to be married, I will let thee know.

Y. Reyn. Married! 'Sdeath! is the Man mad?

Traff. Didn't you advise me to it?

Y. Reyn. What!—to marry a Wench without a Penny of Fortune!—I advis'd you indeed to give way to the Violence of your Wishes—not to doubt of her being pleas'd with it—to put the poor Thing out of its Pain as soon as possible—and promis'd (that is, if you will follow my Advice) to put you in Possession of her: But pardon me, dear *Ned*, I would sooner advise you to put an End to your Cares with one Noose, than to begin them with another.

Traff. Faith, *Jack*, my Weakness is such, I cannot be happy without her.

Y. Reyn. And that is the worst Way in the World to be happy with her.—Now tell me fairly, *Ned*, what Advantages canst thou propose to thyself from such a Match?

Traff.

Traff. To have a sweet and agreeable Companion for Life, whose Person, embellish'd with every Charm that Nature can bestow, or a Lover desire, may be a perpetual Fund of the most exquisite, and at the same time innocent Enjoyment—whose sensible and polish'd Conversation may improve every Moment of insipid Leisure into the most enviable Felicity—whose charming and affectionate Sensibility may reverberate to my own Bosom every Ray of communicated Happiness—and whose prudent Advice and endearing Consolation may disarm Misfortune of its Sting, and make it often, in spite of its own Nature, a Blessing.

Y. Reyn. All this, indeed, may be done without Money;—and of the last Blessing in the Catalogue you may have Abundance—but is it possible, *Ned*, you can expect all this?

Traff. Without doubt, with *Lucia*.

Y. Reyn. Then is it more than possible you will be horribly disappointed. Shall I now tell you my Expectations on the same Occasion?

Traff. By all means.

Y. Reyn. First then, I do expect, by that time I have enjoy'd my sweet enchanting *Fanny* for one fix Weeks, that I shall relish her dear Person as highly as a Catholic does Fish in the sixth Week of *Lent*:—Secondly, I do expect, that I shall find it the most prudent thing in the World, to prevent my leisure Moments from being insipid, or disagreeably filled with Jangling, to spend them abroad: Thirdly, I do expect to find her affectionate Sensibility awake to every Fop that shall endeavour to excite it; but a perfect Dormouse where the Happiness of your humble Servant is concerned: And, Lastly, that I shall have more of her Advice than I could wish, and less of her Comfort: So that, upon the whole, I cannot see any Reason a
wife

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wife Man can have to marry, but to improve his Fortune.

Traff. The Man that marries with no other View, deserves no other Happiness.

Y. Reyn. Once more, dear *Ned*, lay aside these obsolete Notions—follow my Advice—and thou shalt enjoy thy Mistress: After that, if thou art disgusted with Happiness, marry her in the Devil's Name, and be miserable. Mean while remove her this very Morning where I advis'd you.

Traff. I will consider of it—Adieu.

YOUNG REYNARD *knocks at the Door, and is let in; when the Scene changes to a Hall.*

YOUNG REYNARD and SALLY TUCKSHEET.

Sally. Law! Sir, where have you been all Night?

Y. Reyn. That's somewhat free, my pretty Confessor—but you and I have been so us'd to take little Freedoms with one another, that it is not much to be wonder'd at—however, I won't refuse you a proper Answer. (*Kisses her.*)

Sally. As much as to say, that is what you have been at all Night, I suppose.

Y. Reyn. Faith, my little *Tucksheet*, I did not think of your drawing that Conclusion; but I had no need to have went abroad for that, you know.

Sally. No, that you needn't;—but you sha'n't make such a Fool of me as you have done.

Y. Reyn. Nay, Child, I'm sure I made you wiser than I found you.

Sally. You promis'd to make me better too;—but you never say any thing upon that Score now.

Y. Reyn. That's because I find you good enough, Child.

Sally. If

A C O M E D Y.

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Sally. If that's the Case, you shall find me too good for your Purpose, I assure you.

Y. Reyn. Do you think I should like to be plagu'd with a jealous Wife, my Dear?

Sally. I should have no Occasion to be jealous then.

Y. Reyn. Ten Times more than now.—Wives are the merest Wretches in Nature.—I would not do the Woman I lov'd so ill an Office as to marry her, for the World.

Sally. Why did you promise me you would, then?

Y. Reyn. Because you desir'd me.

Sally. Then I desire you would perform your Promise.

Y. Reyn. Ay! Child, but your first Desire was a reasonable one, as it put me to no Inconvenience, and made us both happy; but your present—would put me to a very great one, and make us both unhappy—we're better by half as we are. (*Offers to kiss her.*)

Sally. Let me alone, I will have nothing to say to you any more; old Master's coming—he'll catch you at your Tricks one of these Days.

Y. Reyn. Get me a clean Shirt, Child, and bring it up to my Room.

Sally. I won't.

Y. Reyn. You'll be the Loser by it.

Sally. I don't care what I lose now—I am sure I have lost all my Peace of Mind—thro' your wicked Promises and Persuasions—But I am determin'd to give my Master Warning directly.

Y. Reyn. Foolish Jade! I mustn't let her go yet, I'm not tir'd of her. (*Aside.*)—You would not be so silly, would ye? Don't you see I was only joking? (*pulling her.*)

Sally. Yes, I do see it—but I won't be your Jest, nor your Make-game—nor your any thing else any longer—since I find you don't intend to marry me—so I won't.

(*Runs off.*)

Y. Reyn. A

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Y. Reyn. A Vixen! yet I like her for two Things.—I had more Trouble in bringing her to, than all the Girls I ever met with—and she costs me nothing—which last Circumstance, as I love Variety, determines me not to part with her.—But here comes old Dad—Never were Father and Son better match'd—Our Sentiments are the same to a Hair—He is very willing I should take my Pleasure—He has no Ideas of Virtue and Vice, but as they lead to Riches or Poverty, and instructs me in a new Kind of Chemistry, which I love him for, to extract Gold even out of Debauchery itself.

OLD REYNARD and YOUNG REYNARD.

Old Reyn. Ah! Son, Son, how is this? Come home at this Time!—in this Dress!—You are us'd to take more Care of your Reputation. Reputation, Son, is a valuable Jewel—It is a Mine of Wealth, which whilst you are in Possession of, it is impossible you should want for any thing—It is the Tradesman's Bank, and ought never to be parted with, but when we can at once get so much, as never more to stand in need of its Assistance.

Y. Reyn. Very true, Dad!—very true!—but when you know what Game I have been hunting after——

Old Reyn. Nay, I know you was always a prudent Lad—a very prudent Lad.—Some rich Heir, I warrant you, that wants Money, Eh!—you have made a good Bargain?

Y. Reyn. No—that isn't it.

O. Reyn. What? the Gaming-table? You have good Security, I hope? Take care of *Lords* and Members—that damn'd Privilege is like a perpetual Act of Grace, only with this Difference, the Debtor under one is oblig'd to take a false Oath to cheat you—but the other none at all—except he is willing to

bestow

bestow a few voluntary Curses on you, and order the impertinent Rascal to be kick'd out of his House.

Y. Reyn. They are dangerous Tackle, Father—I never meddle with them. What think you of a Lady?

Old Reyn. I hope you have her Diamond Ear-rings safe, or her Necklace, or her Bracelet with her Lord's Picture: She must redeem that, you know—if not out of Love, out of Fear.

Y. Reyn. No, Dad, you have not hit upon it yet.

Old Reyn. Some kept Madam, perhaps—whose Spark having lost all his Money at the Gaming-table, is oblig'd to make her wait for her Allowance, which she has spent every Farthing before-hand; but take care she puts no false Jewels upon you, and whatever you do, buy outright—buy outright—with a Promise only not to part with it for a certain Time—a rare Excuse for getting a Thing for half its Value—a thousand to one she never redeems. But make it a strict Rule, *Jack*, never to deal in their Way with those you deal with.

Y. Reyn. You're quite of the wrong Side yet, Father: But what d'ye think of a matrimonial Scheme with a blooming young Lady, and Fortune enough to purchase half the Liberty of the Nation?

Old Reyn. Ay, Son, ay! that would be the Thing—that would be the Thing—but beware! Matrimony has ruin'd more than Extravagance, Honesty, and Books. If she pretends to have her Fortune in her own Hands—be sure you have ocular Demonstration first—have the Rino all down—Chink, Boy, Chink; or you may be serv'd like my Friend *Cashcount's* Clerk in *Lombard-street*.

Y. Reyn. Never fear me, Dad—do you know Mr. *Wealthy*?

C

Old Reyn.

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Old Reyn. What, the great Mr. *Wealthy*, that is just return'd from residing in *Spain*, whence he is said to have brought as large a Fortune as *Clive* from the *Indies*?

Y. Reyn. The same.

Old Reyn. Ah! Boy, that would do, that would do—But has he got a Daughter?

Y. Reyn. And a charming one too—and only one, Dad—that's better still.

Old Reyn. So it is—so it is—I see you are a Boy after my own Heart.—Women change—Women change—but Money is always the same—young or old—and the more it breeds, the better for us, Eh! Son, Eh!—

Y. Reyn. Reports of People's Wealth, you know, are not always to be depended upon—Before I proceed too far with the Girl, suppose you was to make some Enquiries for me.

Old Reyn. Wisely thought—wisely thought. What a happy Dog was I to get such a Son as thee!—and but one—however, I took care of that—for I wouldn't marry your Mother till she was nine and thirty, for fear of a Brood. Wasn't that prudent, *Jack*? wasn't that prudent?

Y. Reyn. Yes, faith, Dad—I think it was—but I must in, and unburden me of this Load of Finery.

Old Reyn. Well, I'll see to it—I'll see to it. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene *LUCIA's Lodgings.*

LUCIA and TRUSTY.

Lucia. *Trusty!*

Trusty. Madam.

Lucia. I think 'tis just six Months that you have serv'd me.

Trusty. Exactly, Madam.

Lucia.

Lucia. Here are your Wages, *Trusty* : but I am sorry to acquaint you we must part.

Trusty. Have I offended, Madam ?

Lucia. O ! never, never.—Could I afford to keep you, I should esteem it no small Happiness to have such a faithful Servant.

Trusty. I serv'd your Father, Madam, long and faithfully.—When you was born, I sincerely shar'd in the general Festivity—when he, poor Man ! was forc'd by his Misfortunes to fly his Country, and left you, still an Infant, under the Care of his good Friend old Mr. *Traffick*, I follow'd him abroad—his Bounty well repaid my Service—and when he sent me from him, he commanded me to wait upon you till his Return. As he has not been heard of since, and the Ship on which he embark'd was cast away, there is indeed too much Reason to fear that will never be. Yet, 'tis not certain—Escapes at Sea are often wonderful—and Sickness, or some strange sinister Accident, may have prevented him from giving you Information.

Lucia. Ah ! *Trusty*, why will you awake my Grievs ? So short a Voyage as from *Lisbon*—and setting Sail only a few Days after you—his Fortunes all embark'd with him, which, as they say, were grown again considerable—had he by any Means escap'd the general Wreck, he must have been heard of, long, long before this Time.

Trusty. Yet, Madam, give him not up entirely ; and since it was his Will that I should wait upon you till his Return, permit me to extend my Services a little longer.

Lucia. Alas ! I have no Fund for my Subsistence, but worthy Mr. *Traffick's* Bounty, which he can have no Hopes of being paid again : besides, he dropt a distant Hint, you might be spar'd, as in the Lodgings he had provided for me I should not want Assistance.

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Trusty. The little I have got was all your Father's; which, I hope, when measur'd with a thrifty Hand, will supply the blunted Appetites of Age; therefore I mean to seek no other Service: Indulge me then, sweet Lady, to remain where Gratitude demands—I ask no Wages—yet shall be over-paid, by the Pleasure of beholding continually in you all those amiable Virtues reviv'd, which made my dear old Mistress, Heav'n's bless her Memory! universally respected and belov'd. (*Weeps.*)

Lucia. Excellent old Man! What shall I say? The Virtues of my Father and Mother I have only known by Relation; yet surely your grateful Fidelity and Affection proves their Reality.

Trusty. Since, Madam, you are pleas'd to think so kindly of me, I hope you will not refuse my Request.

Lucia. Henceforth, kind *Trusty*, since you will serve me, let me call you Friend.—'Tis Fortune makes Distinctions—I have none—so cannot be your Mistress; but I will use your Discretion and Experience in Life, to supply the Want of it in myself: for I am indeed in a very critical Situation, and stand in need of more Wisdom, than I am Mistress of, to guide me.—But here comes my generous Benefactor—when he is gone, we will talk further.

LUCIA and TRAFFICK.

Traff. Good Morning to my pretty serious Friend! Come, *Lucia*, let me see you gay, my Dear; and don't disappoint me of the only Advantage I propose to myself in serving you, that of seeing you happy.

Lucia. I am sure Mr. *Traffick* does not think that Seriousness is incompatible with Happiness. Methinks, I would rather be seriously happy, than merrily so; the latter is like the Blaze of a Bonfire, kindled but for a little while, and on particular Occasions; the former
like

like a good Family Hearth, that one may sit and keep one's self warm by on long Winter Evenings.

Traff. Ay, but, my lovely Monitor, you would not be a Hypocrite, would you?

Lucia. Not for a Title and Equipage—there is no Character which I more detest.

Traff. 'Sdeath! that gave me a Twinge. (*Aside.*) What think you then, Mistress, of your Eyes saying one Thing, and your Heart another? Is not a chearful Countenance the Language by which Nature expresses Happiness? If you put on a serious one then, how are we to come at the Truth? However, *Lucia*, I have provided you a Lodging with an old Lady and her Niece, both of such mirthful Dispositions, that they think every Hour is lost, which they don't laugh away half of. By that time you have been there a very little time, I doubt not but you will catch the agreeable Contagion.

Lucia. Nay, Mr. *Traffick*, I am no Enemy to Mirth, and have ever been of Opinion, that an open, smiling Countenance shews a Heart at Ease, which is the Privilege of Innocence only.

Traff. And shall I deprive myself and this amiable Creature of so blessed a Privilege! Curst Thought, avaunt! (*Aside.*) I am glad, *Lucia*, to find you of my Opinion; I always think the better of my own, when I find it is yours.

Lucia. Good Sir, you are always obliging; and if I have not appear'd so happy as you wish me, it is owing to the Sense I have of your unlimited Generosity and Goodness, and my utter Incapacity of rendering you a suitable Return. If I could dare to hope I have still a Father living, I might one Day be happy.

Traff. Would I could flatter you!—but 'tis not the Part of Friendship. Yet, dear Lady, do not suffer my Services

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Services to give you Pain. It is you that confer the Obligation by taking them in good Part, and I that receive therefrom the greatest of all Pleasures. May I no longer drag a worthless Life, when a virtuous Action ceases to bring with it its own Reward!

Lucia. Amiable Youth! (*Aside.*) Kind Sir, how shall I act, to make Goodness reflect the greatest Pleasure on the Bosom from whence it springs? Shall I endeavour to forget my unprecedented Obligations, and, to make you happy, be myself ungrateful?—that cannot be.—Or shall I, by indulging my Gratitude, give my generous Benefactor Pain?—that must not be.—Well then, I will be as happy as I can, and assure you, that I receive more Pleasure than Pain from being the Object of your Benevolence.

Traff. An obliging Assurance, indeed—Charming Creature! O she has banish'd every looser Thought. Curse on the censuring World! I will declare my Love, and make her mine.—Yet stay—once more I will consult my Friend.—(*Aside.*)

Lucia. Bless me! he seems confus'd—What can this mean? (*Aside.*) Good Sir, I fear you are not well, you seem disorder'd.

Traff. Yes, very well, my *Lucia*—only something came into my Mind, which I had forgot—that I must see about immediately—then, Madam, I will return, and wait on you to your new Lodgings: by that time you are ready, I'll be with you; till then your Servant.

Lucia. Your's, good Sir, I will take care to be ready.

LUCIA.

Worthy Youth! how virtuous, generous, and accomplish'd! but down, my throbbing Heart—it must not, cannot be—yet surely those frequent Confusions I
have

have observ'd in him, must have a Meaning—Vain Maid! what Meaning? It is indeed thy Duty to love him—for he has been a Father, Brother, and a Friend to thee, but must not be a Husband. No—should his Charity betray him into a Passion prejudicial to his Interest, I must, I ought to oppose it.—Has he, with noble, unconstrain'd Liberality, supported me, a helpless Orphan—and shall I, ungratefully selfish, reward it by intruding a Beggar into his Bosom? Forbid it, Virtue!—I may be wretched, but will not deserve to be so. I will consult my faithful *Trusty*, and sound him in his Opinion concerning Mr. *Traffick*.

END of the FIRST ACT.



A C T



A C T II.

SCENE, *A Room in REYNARD's House.*

OLD REYNARD and TIM.

Old Reyn. **H**AS Mr. *Crockery* been here again, *Tim*?
Tim. Yes, Sir, and I told him you was not in the Way.

Old Reyn. Right, *Tim*, right; I hope you did not say I was out.—You know I hate Lying. No Man can support his Credit long, that does not always speak the Truth. I suppose, upon the old Affair—going to make another Break of it, ha!

Tim. I imagine so, Sir. He would not tell me his Business; but said it would admit of no Delay.

Old Reyn. But it shall admit of Delay with me, *Tim*.—A Rascal, a Cutpurse, a Thief! What, does he think I will make my Character stink for him as bad as his? Six Times already have I purchas'd his Stock for a Song, on Condition to re-sell it him for no more than double the Money, as soon as his Certificate was sign'd.—A notorious Villain! Seven Times! Abominable, abominable! I'll have nothing more to do with him.—

Tim. But you had better speak to him, Sir.

Old Reyn. No, no, no; why, the Rascal has had the Impudence to set up his Chariot, and take a Country-House, within these three Months.

Tim. But you know, Sir, he bought the Chariot a Bargain.

Old Reyn. A Bargain! the Fellow that rode in it before, died and left his Children for a Legacy to the Parish;

Parish; but for the present Possessor of it, he has scarce liv'd long enough in one Place to obtain a legal Settlement in any: So that, whenever he is hang'd, he may have as many Parishes dispute about his Habitation, as they say there were Nations that contended for the Birth-place of that old blind Fellow your Poets talk about.—Have you been where I order'd you, *Tim*?

Tim. Yes, Sir, and Signior *Wealthy* has got to the Amount of above a hundred and fifty thousand Pounds in the several Funds you sent me to search at.

Old Reyn. Very well, very well. Tell my Son I want to speak with him—and d'ye hear? go to Mr. *Overtrade*, and tell him I thought he had known me better, than to suppose I would take more than legal Interest. What, turn Usurer! Heavens forbid!—But there is old *Dobbin*, an excellent Horse! Five and twenty Years I have experienc'd his Goodness—his Eyes indeed are a little the worse, and something lame at present—if he will give me twenty Pounds for it, the same I myself gave, I will lend him the Money at common Interest—Poor Creature! I shall be sorry to part with him; but one must serve one's Friends. Go, make haste.—Hark! hark! (*Calling him back.*)

Tim. Sir.

Old Reyn. Have you got off the Moidores, *Tim*?

Tim. O! yes, Sir, I had rare Luck—I got five of them off together to old *Dimficht* the Miser, who was so transported at the Sight of the Cash, that, without examining them, he ask'd me only if they were all Weight; to which answering they were, and that we always weigh them, he hustled them into a great Bag, where I dare swear they will never see Day-light till his Heir breaks the Seal of it.

D

Old Reyn,

18 THE INDISCREET LOVER:

Old Reyn. Ha! ha! ha! you told no Lye, *Tim*, they were all Weight, they were all Weight—ha! ha! ha!—but what did you with the other five?

Tim. Three of them I sent, seal'd up, as Part of the ten Pounds that Mr. *Tenderheart* order'd to be given to the Sufferers by Fire, and the other two I got off at the Banker's, by telling the Clerk a comical Story while he was counting the Money.

Old Reyn. Excellent, *Tim*, excellent! You'll make a great Man in Time. One Day I may take you into Business.—There's nothing makes a Servant diligent like giving him Hopes—but then one must take care, and stop there. (*Aside.*)

Tim. Really, Sir, this Money-trade is rather dangerous—I am afraid, some time or other I shall come into Trouble about it.

Old Reyn. Never fear, my Character will bear you out—I'll take care of you—besides, 'tis no High Treason, *Tim*, 'tis no *English* Money—and if these Foreigners will send us bad, Eh!—Tell my Son to come to me—tell my Son to come to me.

OLD REYNARD.

Lucky Rogue! a hundred and fifty thousand Pounds! This comes of being discreet and dutiful. Well, I may thank myself for it after all. How many Fathers ruin their Children by preaching up more Virtues than ever they themselves practis'd, and so, by setting them too hard a Task, discourage them from so much as endeavouring at it! That hasn't been my Way. No, *Jack*, says I, I know you are young, and Youth will have its Levities. Indulge them with Caution, and even they may be render'd profitable—as thus—by drinking, you may obtain Friends—by keeping Company with hair-brain'd and extravagant young Fellows,
you

you may make an Advantage of their Wants—by frequenting publick Places, you may find out People's Characters, and learn who are not to be trusted—by going now and then to a Brothel, you will not only gratify your Wants in a cheaper Way than by Matrimony, but you will be convinc'd that Women are not the Angels your too modest young Fellows are apt to take them for, and, consequently, learn that the Fortune of a Wife is the only solid Advantage we are to hope for.

OLD REYNARD and YOUNG REYNARD.

Y. Reyn. I come to know your Pleasure, Sir.

Old Reyn. My Pleasure, you young Rascal! why, my Pleasure is, that you forward your own as soon as possible—lose no Time, Boy—make sure of your Prize—She's a rich one, I can tell ye—nothing less than a Register-Ship—a *Spanish* Galleon.

Y. Reyn. Say you so, Sir? What Word has *Tim* brought?

Old Reyn. He has search'd the Books at the *Bank*, the *East-India*, the *South-Sea House*.—Old *Wealthy* stands every where—a hundred and fifty thousand strong.

Y. Reyn. The more the better—all shall be my own, old Dad!

Old Reyn. Rare Boy! rare Boy!—But hark ye, *Jack*, how d'ye think to obtain the old Gentleman's Consent? Nothing to be done without—Appearances must be sav'd.

Y. Reyn. You know, Sir, I have ever follow'd your Advice, and never gave up my Interest or Reputation on any Account whatsoever: but Youth, Dad, will have its Levities, and if I can turn them to my Advantage—

Old Reyn. True, *Jack*, true! but I don't see how that can be done here.

D 2

Y. Reyn.

20 THE INDISCREET LOVER:

Y. Reyn. All Flesh is frail, you know, Father—and the Slips of Youth never cast any Blemish, where honourable Reparation is made.

Old Reyn. Wicked Rogue! wicked Rogue! I understand you—Father's own Child! well, leave you alone: But—but—if the Girl should be contented there, and nothing come of it—you will be never the nearer.

Y. Reyn. I have taken care of that; I am just come from her, where I have work'd her Passions up, till she pretended Doubts of my Constancy, as a Bar to the Completion of our Happiness: on which I offer'd to sign a mutual Contract of Marriage under the Forfeiture of ten thousand Pounds, to satisfy her till Matters could be brought about; to which she consented, and I expect her here shortly to sign the Contract, which, for Secrecy's sake, I'll get you to draw up against she comes.

Old Reyn. I'll do it. But by all means, *Jack*, secure the other Point, or she may be prevail'd on to give you up, and the old Gent' may litigate the Bond.

Y. Reyn. Never fear, Dad, when the Contract is sign'd, she will easily be brought to any Thing.—She is a true *Spanish* Constitution—ripe as Summer.—When once that is accomplish'd, I have thought how to make it turn out to the Increase of your Reputation, and the obtaining of her Father's Consent.

Old Reyn. Well, Son, I see you are wise—I will leave all to you, and in to get the Contract drawn.

YOUNG REYNARD.

Egad, *Jack*, thou seem'st to stand upon the very Brink of Matrimony—A dangerous Crisis! Thou wilt do well to look before thou leap'st.—Dost thou really love this Girl, or no? Blockhead! what signifies whether thou dost or not? She's handsome and rich—

rich—there's Sport and Plunder.—In short, I love her as the *American Hunter* does the Beaver; but when once I am in Possession of her Skin, what will may become of her Bones, for aught I care.

YOUNG REYNARD and TRAFFICK.

Y. Reyn. Ha, *Ned*, what Progress, my Boy? Have you began the Attack—brought the Artillery to bear?

Traff. I have conducted her to her new Lodgings; but faith it went sore against the Grain, *Jack*.

Y. Reyn. Then would I tell thee, if it was not rather uncivil, that thou art a Fool in Grain for thy Pains, *Ned*: Where could she be so well stow'd for thy Purpose?

Traff. Indeed, Friend, my Purpose is not what it was.

Y. Reyn. Squeamish again by *Jupiter*! I thought I had set the Terrors of Matrimony before thine Eyes in such true and lively Colours, that thou would'st have fled from it as fast as a young Virgin from the Paws of an old Letcher, or an old Widow into the Arms of a young one.

Traff. O *Reynard*! had you heard the Conversation that pass'd between me and that amiable Girl, you would have become a Convert to my Way of thinking, and have acknowledg'd that the Treasures of the Mind are infinitely more valuable than——

Y. Reyn. Hold, hold, dear Friend; no Comparisons, I beseech you.—The Treasures of the Mind! ha! ha! ha!—prettily said, faith! but—should you happen to be out of ready Cash, they are a kind of a Bankrupt Stock—no Purchasers now-a-days—no such Thing as selling out, *Ned*!

Traff. Poo! poo! this Raillery grows quite insipid—To be serious now, this accomplish'd Creature, tho' she

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she has not the Gifts of Fortune, is rich in a thousand excellent Qualifications, that more than compensate for the Want of them—and I am determin'd to woo her honourably.

Y. Reyn. A wise Determination truly! I hope she'll give herself the Airs of Cruelty too.

Traff. To say the Truth, I am not a little afraid of her Delicacy; and do believe, if she had a Fortune equal to my own—I should have less Trouble to win her.

Y. Reyn. Well, there, *Ned*, I can pour a little of the Balm of Comfort into thy Wounds; I will venture to answer for it, she gives you no Trouble on that Account.—Bait but the Hook with Matrimony—she'll bite, I warrant you—She'll be for joining the Treasures of the Earth to those of the Air.

Traff. And you really think she will be easily brought to consent?

Y. Reyn. Never fear—but if she should happen to be seiz'd with a Virgin Tremor, a good Settlement will soon remove the Ague-fit.

Traff. Thou art a prophane Wretch, and regardest Virtue of nothing.

Y. Reyn. I regard it then at just as much as 'twill bring—but I can't help laughing to think, when I am wish'd Joy upon 'Change of my Friend's Marriage, and am ask'd—"Ha! *Jack*, what Fortune?" how I shall answer—O! a great Heirefs! a great Heirefs!—"Ay, say you so?—What does she inherit?"—Inherit! says I—Why, she inherits the Poverty of her Father, the Prudery of her Grandmother, the Wit of her younger Brother, and the Craft of all her Sex; otherwise she would never have been able to make a Merchant give up his Interest, a Man of Pleasure his Liberty, and a sensible Fellow his Wits, by making him believe

believe the dull Clink of matrimonial Chains is more pleasing than the free and lively Harmony of unconstrain'd Enjoyment.

Traff. Notwithstanding all thy Wit, *Jack*, the unconstrain'd Enjoyment thou boastest of, never yet answer'd my most moderate Expectations; and one Ray of Approbation from the lovely Eye of my sensible Charmer has given my Heart more real Satisfaction, than the actual Embraces of the most bewitching Courtezan.

Y. Reyn. Give me thy Hand, *Ned*.

Traff. With all my Heart. (*Shaking Hands.*)

Y. Reyn. It is Flesh and Blood!—Faith, I began to think thou hadst met with some Accident, and it was only thy Ghost that I was conversing with. Is it possible thy Pulse can beat like mine, and yet thou canst prefer the airy Pleasures of Imagination to the substantial Joys of Sense and the transporting Touch of panting Beauty? Well, *Ned*, thou art *non compos*, that's certain: however, if thou wilt hear me patiently, I will give thee one Piece of Advice, and then I have done.

Traff. Then lay aside thy jeering Humour, and speak like a Man of Reason.

Y. Reyn. When you are capable of hearing Reason, I will.

Traff. Your Advice shall be consider'd with a just Impartiality.

Y. Reyn. 'Tis only this: Prove the Merits of your Mistress to be real, before you purchase them at so dear a Rate.

Traff. But may she not resent such an Affront so highly, as to reject me for it?

Y. Reyn. And so turn herself out of Doors rather than marry you, ha! ha! ha! Romantick Thought!

Traff.

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Traff. To shew the good Opinion I have of your Friendship, I will make the Experiment, tho' I have not the least Doubt of her.

Y. Reyn. I'faith, but I have—if you do but try her home.—Don't flinch—carry Things to the last Extremity—you have it always in your Power to make her an honourable Amends. I have almost brought my Fair One to throw down her Arms and yield the Fort already—I expect her every Minute to sign Articles of Capitulation.

Traff. Strange, lucky Rascal! but what dost thou mean by Articles of Capitulation?

Y. Reyn. Thou shalt know more when I see thee again. Believe me, there is not one Spark of true Modesty in the whole Sex; and the very Pretence is never put on, but to serve some valuable Purpose, or to make the Bargain of Concupiscence more sure and lasting.—Go in Peace, and prove the Truth of my Doctrine.

Traff. If any Harm comes of it, thou shalt answer for it.

Y. Reyn. With all my Heart. Do you but put on the *Hercules*, and the Lion will couch down before you.

Traff. For my part, I hope not to succeed, yet I will do my best.

YOUNG REYNARD.

Now, my Friend *Traffick*, will I save thee from the Pit of Matrimony—that bottomless Pit, in spite of thy own Weakness. I will lay my Life, this artful young Prude, on his first Attack, will fly out into her Hoity-toity's, and play off all her mask'd Batteries of Virtue upon him with such a Vengeance, that they will part without ever coming to an *Eclaircissement*; then will I step into the Breach, and under Pretence of stopping it

up, make it so wide, that having no Hopes left of repairing it, he shall resolve either to conquer or die.

YOUNG REYNARD *and* SALLY TUCKSHEET.

Y. Reyn. The Devil! what shall I do now? I must get rid of her one way or other—and yet these Volunteers are so easily affronted.—I shall have *Fanny* and her meet together. (*Aside.*)

Sally. You are mighty thoughtful, Sir.—You didn't use to let me come into the Room without being taken notice of.

Y. Reyn. No, Child, nor would now, but I expect my Father here again every Minute—I would not have him see us together for the World—Go, go, go. (*Goes to push her out.*)

Sally. O! dear Sir, you're vastly prudent just now—but you know I always takes care of that—I watch'd him into the Hall, and see him sit down to be shav'd, or I hadn't flipp'd in.

Y. Reyn. Pox take the Barber! (*Aside.*) I'm mightily oblig'd to you, my Dear—but I wish you was at the Devil. (*Aside.*)

Sally. I had a Mind just to speak with you, before I give my old Master Warning: for my Uneasiness is such, that I am determin'd to live in this Way no longer.

Y. Reyn. Well, well, Child, put it off till to-morrow—I'm a little busy now—I'll come to you at Night and set all to rights.

Sally. No, but you won't, Sir, without——

Y. Reyn. Yes, but I will, my Dear—(*Stopping her Mouth.*)—I hav'n't Time to talk with you now—I expect a Gentleman here every Minute.—I shall never get rid of her. (*Aside.*)

E

Sally.

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Sally. I shall hear him a coming—my Question will soon be answer'd.

Y. Reyn. I don't know that—I'll answer all your Questions at Night, Child.—Deuce take her, she sticks like a *Plaster*. (*Aside.*)

Sally. Very well, Sir, I'll give Warning directly—you may save yourself the Trouble of coming—for you'll find my Door lock'd.

Y. Reyn. I wish you was lock'd in your Room now. (*Aside.*) Poo! poo! poo! put it off till to-morrow, Child, and I'll promise you any thing.

Sally. I know that—but will you perform too?

Y. Reyn. Most certainly.—I'll say any thing to get rid of her. (*Aside.*)

Sally. I know I'm a Fool to believe you—you won't disappoint me, as you did last Night?

Y. Reyn. No, no, good b'ye—good b'ye—hark!—we shall certainly be catch'd. (*Pushes her out.*)—Now, if she had been a Mercenary, I could have sent her about her Business without any Ceremony. Deuce take her, here she comes again.

Sally (returning.) Very well, Sir, I see what you wanted to get rid of me for now—I shall lock my Door, I assure you.

YOUNG REYNARD.

My curs'd Stars are always playing me one Dog's Trick or another—I thought how 'twould be—here comes *Fanny*.—Well, never mind!—Now, my lovely Precipice! my *Tarpeian* Rock! for a high-flown Rapture, that I may mount with the Ardor of an Hero, and break my Neck like a Man of Spirit.

YOUNG

YOUNG REYNARD *and* FANNY.

Y. Reyn. Ha ! my lovely Madcap ! my Girl of Mettle ! to thee, *Helen* was a Gypsey, *Venus* cold as the Element she sprang from, and the *Muses* and *Graces* void of Harmony, Elegance, and Spirit.

Fanny. Come, my *Phaeton*, don't drive so fast, lest you should raise a fiercer Flame than you may be able to extinguish.

Y. Reyn. Let me set those lovely Globes on Fire, and I will never wish to extinguish them ; but my Love, like a Phoenix, shall make its Habitation in the Flames.

Fanny. But I am afraid, when my Phoenix comes to expire, no more of the Species will rise out of its Ashes.

Y. Reyn. Trust me, my delicious Charmer ; it shall never expire, while there is one Spark left to cherish it.

Fanny. Now I suppose you expect I should believe all this.

Y. Reyn. By your bright Self I swear——

Fanny. A false Oath, by a false Goddess.

Y. Reyn. What, is my *Fanny* false ?

Fanny. Tho' you may find me a true Woman, I am but a false Goddess—but I will put you to a better Proof.

Y. Reyn. Let it be one then worthy of my Love.

Fanny. As exactly fitted to it, as a rattling young Fellow to a giddy young Girl.

Y. Reyn. Well, put me to it.

Fanny. Tell me truly then—how many pretty Ladies have you *rehears'd* these fine Speeches to, before you *play'd* them to me ?

Y. Reyn. If I answer truly, will you reward my Honesty ?

Fanny. I may safely venture to do it.

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Y. Reyn. Well then—I never did but once, and that with an odd Kind of Success.

Fanny. O pray let's hear it; for I love to hear of Amours dearly.

Y. Reyn. I play'd them off to a Milliner's 'Prentice in *Cornhill*; and the silly Girl was so pleas'd with them, that she follow'd me up and down, like a Cur that had lost his Master; but when I wanted her to come in, and make her Abode with me, she sneak'd off, and was afraid to trust herself in my keeping.

Fanny. Ha! ha! ha! comical enough—So you made the Girl half a Fool, but could not make her quite one—and what am I to gather from thence?

Y. Reyn. That tho' I have practis'd the Arts of Courtship upon some humble Beauties, by way of bringing my Hand in, I was never in earnest till your irresistible Charms captivated my Heart. (*Bows.*)

Fanny. Well, after all, thou'rt an agreeable Rattle; and since every Woman is oblig'd, under the odious Penalty of dying an Old Maid, to suffer herself to be deceiv'd by some Man, I may as well let you cheat me into Love as another.—But do you consider the Difficulties you may meet with in obtaining my Father's Consent? I doubt such hot Love as yours will never hold out till all his Punctilios can be remov'd.

Y. Reyn. Never fear, my Charmer; it can never cool, while you shall deign to supply it with Fuel.

Fanny. But if I should spend my Fuel in the Summer of Courtship, what will become of me in the long cold Winter of Matrimony?

Y. Reyn. But we'll make our Habitation, my Dear, in one of *Cupid's* Summer-Islands, where there's no Winter at all.

Fanny. That is, no Matrimony at all, I suppose.

Y. Reyn.

Y. Reyn. To put my honourable Intentions out of all doubt, I have got a Contract drawn, according to our Agreement, which is now ready to be sign'd; and lest our Secret should take Air, I have got my Father to draw it up.—The old Gentleman is almost in love with you himself from my Description, and waits with Impatience to kiss your Hands.

Fanny. Nay, I can assure you I shall trust you no farther than I have you in my Power—So let us see the Contract.

Y. Reyn. Excuse me a Moment then.

FANNY.

Now has this artful young Rake got but one Passion to gratify, which is Avarice: but I have got two—the sweetest of which is Revenge on the perfidious Sex.

OLD and YOUNG REYNARD, and FANNY.

Old Reyn. Odso! Odso! a fine Wench, faith!—Lucky Rogue!—Egad, my Mouth waters at her. (*Wiping his Mouth.*) By your Leave, pretty Mistress. (*Saluting her.*) I always lov'd a Girl of Spirit.—My Son will match you, I warrant him.

Fanny. I dare say, Sir, you could have match'd your Son when you was of his Age.

Old Reyn. So I could, so I could—I'cod, a sensible Girl! Well, well, I have drawn the Contract for you, I have left no Loop-holes to creep out at: let me alone; I can bind as fast as the Parson.—But, hark ye! Let me be brought into no Scrapes, take care of my Reputation.—Young People will be young People; and what I have done is merely to prevent the Mischief that might arise from any Body's else doing it; but if you should act herein contrary to your Father's Will, I am no Adviser—I persuade no Children to be undutiful.

My

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My Son has my Consent with all my Heart, and if I can do any thing to obtain Signior *Wealthy's*, I am ready.

Y. Reyn. By-and-by, Sir, we may crave your Assistance, as soon as we have settled a Plan of Operations—Shall we stand in need of any Witness?

Old Reyn. Ay, ay, 'twill be better. I will send *Simon Clodpole*—a mighty simple Fellow—just fit for your Purpose. He will be an excellent Witness, and know nothing of the Matter. Well, well, I leave you to settle it—I would have no Concern in it for the World.—B'ye, b'ye, Daughter that is to be.—I'cod, she's a dainty Wench! Happy Rogue! Well, well, I have had my Day—I have had my Day.

YOUNG REYNARD and FANNY.

Y. Reyn. Now, my little Garland of Lilies and Roses, do you believe my Intentions are honourable?

Fanny. For my part I don't pretend to the Arts of Divination; but whatever your Intentions are, I will take care that your Actions shall be so.

Y. Reyn. Well, my Dear, are you willing to sign? Shall I call *Simon*?

Fanny. With all my Heart: you shall find I am a Girl of Spirit, and will neither flinch from my Friend or my Foe.

Y. Reyn. Come on then, a Challenge. (*Rings.*)

YOUNG REYNARD, FANNY, and SIMON CLODPOLE.

Y. Reyn. *Simon*, come this Way.

Simon. Yes, Zur.

Y. Reyn. How long have you liv'd with my Father, *Simon*?

Simon. I doan't know yet, Zur.

Y. Reyn. Yet, *Simon*! What d'ye mean by that?

Simon. I hea'n't liv'd long enough wi' Meafter.

Y. Reyn.

Y. Reyn. Pray, when shall you know then?

Simon. Next *Michaelmas* Statute will be a Twelve-month.

Y. Reyn. O very well!—So, I find honest *Simon's* Year begins like the primitive Days—the Darkneſs firſt, and then the Light:—nay, his Calculation is ſo antient, it ſeems to have been made before Months were invented. You ſeem to be a great Scholar, *Simon*; did you ever go to School, pray?

Simon. Noa, noa, *Zur*; I meade a better Uſe of my Toime than all that.

Y. Reyn. You ſeem to have made great Improvements; pray, what Uſe did you put it to?

Simon. Why, *Zur*, I yearn'd a Penny a Doiy ſcearing Crows for Varmer *Dungcart*, and in Hearveſt vollow'd Veather a leazing, who took ceare I ſhouldn't goa hoame empty-headed—and wasn't that better, think ye, than going to Vree-School to be ding'd about and flogg'd by Meaſter *Horſe'um*, and after all to be peay'd nothing for it? He! he! he!

Y. Reyn. I am afraid, then, you can't read, *Simon*.

Simon. I bean't ſuch a Vool as that neither, *Zur*.

Y. Reyn. If you never went to School, how did you learn?

Simon. Brother *George* had a mind to be waundiſh learn'd, and zo a went and got all his Cris-croſs Row by heart, and ſhoaw'd it me of a *Zunday* upon the Sign-poaſts, as we ſtear'd about the Market-pleace.

Y. Reyn. A mighty ingenious Way of learning to read!—And pray, *Simon*, can you write too?

Simon. As var as my own Neame, or zuch-loike.

Y. Reyn. And how did you learn that, pray?

Simon. Ads-waunds! it coſt me a power of Pains—Iſe warrant thoſe pleaguy crooked Scrawls coſt me from *Lammas-toide* to *Lammas-toide* again, before I could chalk
out

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out any thing loike 'em upon the Stoanes; but at last, I shall never forget how it made my Heart jump again, when Doctor *Blister* our 'Poticary coming by, just as I had done wi' my Chalk, look'd down and read *Soymon Clodpole*.

Y. Reyn. Ha! ha! ha!—Well, *Simon*, was you ever a Witness upon any Occasion?

Simon. I doan't know, *Zur*. Measter toald me once, when a sent me of an Errand, and I happen'd to steay a little by the Woiy drinking a Mug of Eale with a Countryman, that I had meade heafte with a witness; but I didn't know what a meant.

Y. Reyn. Ha! ha! ha! Well, 'tis no Matter, *Simon*; you are to see this Lady and I write our Names, and then to write your own by them, as a Witness to our signing them.

Simon. What, upon the seame Paper, *Zur*! Adzooks, I shall be mortal 'sheim'd.

Y. Reyn. Never mind that, *Simon*.

Simon. Nay, as vor that, I can but do as I am bid, you know.

Y. Reyn. This Fellow's Simplicity can never reveal what he knows nothing of. (*Aside to Fanny.*)—Come, my Dear, I will sign, then do you. (*They both sign.*)—Now, *Simon*, do you write your Name here.

Simon. Lord! *Zur*, my Hand sheaks bitterly.—I have heard of streange Things come of a Man's writing his Neame—an I had known it before, I'm zure I'd never ha' took zuch Pains to learn.

Y. Reyn. Never fear, *Simon*, I'll insure you from Harm.

Simon. Say you zoa, *Zur*?—Then here goas. (*Writes.*)

Y. Reyn. There, *Simon*, there's for your Pains.

Simon. Sniggers! I ne'er got zoa much by writing my Name before—Thank ye, Measter.

YOUNG REYNARD *and* FANNY.

Y. Reyn. This is the simplest Fellow I ever met with.

Fanny. And yet, I warrant you, he has had Cunning enough to deceive some harmless Girl, who believ'd his Intentions to be as simple as his Words.

Y. Reyn. Well, my Love, now I have yielded myself your Prisoner, I hope I shall prove your Generosity.

Fanny. It is time for me to get home again, lest I should be suspected: but, if you will be with me in two Hours, you shall see how I'll use you.

Y. Reyn. And my Punctuality, even to the Fraction of a Minute, shall prove my Obedience.

Fanny. For the first Time.

Y. Reyn. For ever.

[*Exeunt Hand in Hand.*]

SALLY.

False-hearted Man!—I have watch'd her out—and yet I am sure she don't love him half so well as I do—so she don't.—I could almost tear my Eyes out, for being such a Fool—Truly I think I am as handsome as she at any time of the Day.—Something must be done.—Poo! here comes that Oaf—always plaguing one—Yet I must not discourage him—for one way or other he may serve me.

SIMON *and* SALLY.

Simon (*prying round.*) Sniggers! is no body here, Mrs. Sally?

Sally. Law! *Simon*, what do you always follow me up and down so for?

Simon. You know, you know—(*Grins.*)

Sally. Not I indeed—I know you hinder me in my Business.

F

Simon

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Simon. Who, I hinder you?—Adzooks!—why you know, an you would let me, I would do the best Part of your Business for you—I bean't like your vine Town-Voakes, that preate and preate, but won't do any thing for a body. Daun't you zee I have brought Cloths to help you rub yon Chairs and Tables as I promis'd you?

Sally. Thank you, *Simon*, we'll set about 'em directly then.

Simon. You mun gi' me a Kiss first, tho'f.—

Sally. No, indeed, not first—Stay till your Work is done.

Simon. Steay me no steays, *Sall*; *Zimon* loves a zure Bargain.—He! he! he!

Sally. Law! one can't be a little kind to you, but you take such Liberties.—Well, take it then, and don't hinder me. (*He kisses her.*)

Simon. Well, now for't, *Sall*.

Sally. We'll rub the Table first, Mr. *Simon*—You rub at that End, and I'll rub at this, and so we'll meet together.

Simon. As vor that Matter, Mistrifs, d'ye see, I'd meet you any where, an it were before the Parson.—He! he! he!

Sally. O fye! *Simon*, you're quite rude. (*They both set to rubbing.*)

Simon. It's waundly hard Work, *Sall*; but an yow and I were always to rub on together, I shouldn't moind that.

Sally. I doubt you'd be tir'd first, *Simon*—That Side's enough.

Simon. He! he! he!—He! he! he! (*Standing still and staring at the Table.*)

Sally. What do laugh at, you great Oaf?

Simon.

Simon. Whoy, look there now—(*pointing at the Table*) doan't you zee?

Sally. See! what should I see?

Simon. Why, your oan Sweet-heart's Feace upon the Table, as plain as in the Horse-pond at Measter's Steables.

Sally. A fine Sight, truly! (*Scornfully, and rubs again.*)

Simon. Ye needn't look so snubbish, Mistrefs; I know who'd be glad to zee it vor all that. (*Rubbing.*)

Sally. Well but, *Simon*, wasn't you call'd in to young Master just now?

Simon. May be I was—What then? (*Looking archly, and leaning on the Table.*)

Sally. You don't look so cunning for nothing. (*Leaning on the Table.*)—Do, good *Simon*, tell me what he wanted with you?

Simon. 'Tis good *Zimon* now, is it? Noa, noa, Mistrefs, I mean't tell every thing I zee.

Sally. I'm sure, if you love me, *Simon*, you'd tell me any thing.

Simon. Ads-waunds! Mistrefs, zo I wud, an ye lov'd me again.

Sally. I never told you I didn't, *Simon*—but you would not have me tell you I did; that would be bold. (*Rubbing, and smiling on him.*)

Simon. I know nothing about bauld, not I; but I shou'dn't be displeas'd at it an ye did; and what need you keare who else was?

Sally. Well, but tell me, *Simon*—there's a good Soul—and I'll give you any thing. (*Leaving off rubbing.*)

Simon. Gi' me a Buss then.

Sally. Ay, two, if you will but tell me. (*They kiss over the Table.*)

Simon (*After licking his Chaps.*) You wa'n't tell again?

Sally. No, no.

34 THE INDISCREET LOVER:

Simon. Who, I hinder you?—Adzooks! why you know, an you would let me, I would do the best Part of your Business for you—I bea'n't like your vine Town-Voakes, that preate and preate, but won't do any thing for a body. Daun't you zee I have brought Cloths to help you rub yon Chairs and Tables as I promis'd you?

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Simon. May be I was—What then? (*Looking archly, and leaning on the Table.*)

Sally. You don't look so cunning for nothing. (*Leaning on the Table.*)—Do, good *Simon*, tell me what he wanted with you?

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Sally. Ay, two, if you will but tell me. (*They kiss over the Table.*)

Simon (*After licking his Chaps.*) You wa'n't tell again?

Sally. No, no.

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Simon. Whoy, young Measter had got a voine Laidy with him, and soa they had a Moind to have a Joake wi' me.

Sally. Was she pretty, *Simon*?

Simon. I doan't know—vor she had got on one of those queer *Vrench* Thingumbobs, that hide all the Feace, but about as much as a body might kiver wi' two Vingers.—I zaw nothing but her Noase and Mouth, not I, and I know who has got a prettier. (*Looking archly, and tittering.*)

Sally. Thank ye, Mr. *Simon*.—You're a Wit, I find.

Simon. Ay! ay! *Zimon Clodpole*'s no Vool; and zo they vound me, vor all their Joakes.

Sally. Well, but how did they joke you, *Simon*?

Simon. Measter had a Moind to meake geame of me, to meake the Laidy laugh, I suppose; but I match'd un.

Sally. How so?

Simon. A thought I cou'dn't read and wroite—and ask'd me how I learn'd, and all that.—At last a got a great Peace of Peaper, scrawl'd all over wi' streange Sheapes and Figures, and upon a little Bit that heap'ned not to be screatch'd upon at the Bottom, a meade me wroite my Neame with a Witnesh, as he call'd it—that is, I voind, for three Voakes to wroite their Neames together to zee which wroites best; and tho'f to be zure I cou'dn't wroite zo well as Measter, metho't I did better than the Laidy.—So a laugh'd—gave me a Double-teaster—and zent me about my Bufiness.

Sally. Bafe Man! I see what he has been at—but I'll spoil his Sport!—Ignorant Blockhead! (*Aside.*)—That was merry enough; and so, *Simon*, you wrote better than the Lady?

Simon. Ay, marry, did I.

Sally. I want sadly to know where the Lady lives,
Simon.

Simon.

Simon. Never moind the Laidy, *Sall*. We shall never get our Chairs done at this Reate, (*takes the Chair and sets to rubbing*) tho'f I didn't keare an they lasted all Day. (*Looking archly at Sally.*)

Sally. Poo! hang the Chairs! leave 'em till Afternoon—and if you would have me love you, you must watch your Master and this Lady, and tell me every Thing you can find out concerning them.

Simon. Why, what's Measter and Laidy to you, *Sall*?

Sally. Nay, nothing—only I have a great Notion we are going to have a Wedding.—So do as I bid you, or I'll never let you kifs me again, *Simon*.

Simon. Ay! think ye so?—It's loikly.—Well, I'll voind out all I can, and let you know—and then, Mrs. *Sally*, we can get Pearson to tack us together at the seame Time, and then we'll sing—"My Mother
"the zold and a blue Geame-Cock," &c. (*Jumps over the Chair in a Transport, and breaks it down.*)

Sally. You clumsy Blockhead!—I'll break your Head for you. What will Master say?

Simon. Sniggers! I must e'en get off as well as I can. (*Runs off, and Sally after him.*)

END of the SECOND ACT.

A C T



A C T III.

SCENE, *An Apartment at LUCIA's new Lodgings.*

YOUNG REYNARD *and* KITTY, *laughing.*

Y. Reyn. **H**A! ha! ha! well, 'tis a thousand Pities, my dear, merry Wench; but I have a Piece of News to tell you, will spoil this Good-humour of yours in a trice.

Kitty. I'll be hang'd if it does.

Y. Reyn. I'll be hang'd if it does not.

Kitty. Well, let's hear; I a'n't afraid of it.

Y. Reyn. O Kitty! picture to yourself the greatest Misfortune that could possibly happen to you.

Kitty. Lud! Lud! Is the Small-Pox come next Door?

Y. Reyn. Worse, worse—but I can assure you 'tis a serious Thing.

Kitty. Then I'm sure 'twill make me laugh—for I always do so at every thing that is serious.

Y. Reyn. Ay, Kitty! but 'tis not only serious, but dull too.

Kitty. Then it has got no Edge, and can't hurt.

Y. Reyn. You may change your Mind, Mistress, when you come to feel it. Come, pull out your Handkerchief, for I know we shall have a good Crying-Bout.

Kitty. Well, I'm ready to start—Now for it. (*Standing as if just ready to cry, with her Handkerchief in her Hand.*)

Y. Reyn. What wou'd you say, if I was to tell you I'm going to be married shortly?

Kitty.

Kitty. Ha! ha! ha! Is that all? that I shall be glad of it with all my Heart; for then you'll know the Value of a Mistress.

Y. Reyn. Why, you impudent Harlot! do you think I'll keep you then?

Kitty. What do you keep me for now?

Y. Reyn. Because I can't be happy without a Woman.

Kitty. And then you'll keep me, because you can't be happy with one.—Come, come, I shall be of more Service to you then, than now.

Y. Reyn. How so?

Kitty. A Wife is like an every-day Coat, and a Mistress like a holiday one. The first is worn only to drudge in, and thrown off with every possible Excuse; the latter is worn for Pleasure, and put on oftener from Inclination, than the other from Necessity.—Well, the kindest Thing my Betrayal ever did by me, was breaking his Word and not marrying me.

Y. Reyn. Let me kiss thee for that, my dear little Hair-brains;—for if you and I, *Kitty*, were to draw two Pictures of Matrimony, every body would swear they were done by the same Painter.

Kitty. Let's try—but, to avoid such a Mistake, each shall perform a different Part—You shall draw the Husband, and I will draw the Wife.

Y. Reyn. Done, and you shall begin first.

Kitty. A Wife is a two-legged domestick Animal, that runs about the House, to which she is confin'd, much like a Cat, and is taken as little notice of by the Master of it, only now and then for her Mewing.—She is a kind of Chameleon, that changes her Colour many times in the Day.—In the Morning she is a Slattern and a Scold; at Noon she is a Puppet and a Cypher; in the Evening she is a Housewife and a Mope, both equally through Necessity; and at Night she is completely miserable—introduc'd indeed, like *Tantalus*, to
a perpetual

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a perpetual Banquet, but the Sword of Discord ever hanging over her Head, and preventing her from tasting. Heav'n's be prais'd! I have had a narrow Escape, and am now put even out of the Power of my own Weakness.—Lud! Lud! what a Creature should I have been!

Y. Reyn. Excellent Wench! Now could I almost believe that thy Wit and Good-humour in a Wife might turn the Blackamoor white.

Kitty. You don't think I'd be such a Fool as to throw it away upon a Husband—upon a Clod—upon a Dolt!

Y. Reyn. Hold, hold, Hussey. (*Stops her Mouth.*) Now you invade my Province.—Come, let me try—but 'tis like to be a self-condemning Task, and I'm afraid I shall soften it a little.

Kitty. If you do, I would not give a Wife's Kiss, and that isn't worth half a Farthing, for your Picture.

Y. Reyn. I'll do it Justice, I'm resolv'd. A Husband is an unhappy Mortal, betray'd into an enchanted Garden, where it is an hundred to one he may ramble about all his Life, and never be able to find his Way out again. The Trees, Fruits, and Flowers, that tempted him, on his near Approach vanish before him, and in their stead Furies, Harpies, and Gorgons haunt him on every Side; but should he be able to escape the Persecution of these Monsters, he must still wander in perpetual Barrenness, where no Rose crowns the Thorn, no Clusters enrich the Vine; and tho' he is only mock'd by having the Cup of Pleasure put to his Lips, when he has no Appetite to taste, he is thereby transform'd into a Brute, and the Horns start out of his Forehead.—O! save me, save me, *Kitty*, from the intolerable Thought!

Kitty. What should seduce you into the Garden of the Enchanter, who know so well all his Wiles before-hand?

Y. Reyn.

Y. Reyn. Gold, *Kitty*, Gold—the Parent of Hatred and Mischief, but without which there is no Good to be obtain'd.—Hark! I hear *Lucia* coming. Remember your Lesson—attack her Prudery with your Wit—endeavour to raise the Spirit of Pleasure in her Breast, and when *Traffick* comes, let me know—that I may plant myself properly to hear what passes.—I'll slip into your Chamber.

KITTY, LUCIA, and Mrs. ARTFUL.

Lucia. Mr. *Traffick* told me you was one of the merriest Ladies in the World, and truly I shall have no Reason to disbelieve what he says upon your Account.—Pray, Mrs. *Artful*, is your Niece as merry as yourself?

Mrs. Artful. O! dear Madam! as much more so, as a Comedy is than an Opera.

Kitty. That is, my Aunt, Madam, is always singing, and I am always laughing.

Lucia. I hope you never laugh at Virtue, my Dear.

Kitty. 'Tis an awkward Thing, you know, and one can't help laughing at awkward Things.

Lucia. O fye, my Dear! neither Virtue nor Vice are proper Objects for Pleasantry—One ought to be sacred from its Shafts, the other beneath its Aim.

Kitty. O Lud! my Dear, you'll treat us like Governor *Sancho's* Physician, set us down to a Feast of Mirth, and find fault with every Dish we would indulge our Appetites upon.

Mrs. Artful. Or at least permit us nothing but plain Butcher's Meat, and that over-roasted—He! he! he!

Kitty. Can any thing be more ridiculous, now, than the Virtue of a Prude?

Mrs. Artful. Yes, the Modesty of a Lover.

G

Lucia.

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Lucia. Virtue and Modesty, however awkwardly express'd, ought always to meet with Indulgence and Esteem; but the Affectation of either deserves none.

Kitty. Dear Madam, they have both been defunct long before Fardingales were in Fashion; and if it was not for that Affectation you speak of, we should not know that such Beings had ever existed.

Lucia. Come, my Dear, leave that common-place Satire to those who alone can make use of it, either with Propriety or Advantage, that is, to those who have already discarded both, or are determin'd to do it with the first Opportunity.

Kitty. Truly, I have a very slender Opinion of my own Virtue—and suppose now some Night, when I had just been dreaming of my Beau, as I lay tumbling and rumbling, and sighing and pining, and tying the End of the Pillow with my Garter, to make it round like a Man's Head, out of my Closet should start a Youth—tall and handsome—brisk and amorous—impudent as *Mars*—and after begging Pardon for the Boldness of his Intrusion, should intrude still farther—what would poor Virtue do in such a Case? Why, I verily think, she would have just Strength enough to save me from Hypocrisy—and that's all.

Mrs. Artful. Well said, Niece, ha! ha! ha!

Lucia. You are a mad Girl, that's certain; but for all that, I have a better Opinion of you, than to suppose you would do as you say.

Kitty. Then I have not discarded Modesty, you see, since I have a lowly Opinion of myself.—But pray how would your serious Ladyship behave in such a critical Situation?

Lucia. The first Part of your Supposition, my Dear, is too whimsical ever to be my Case, nor do I suppose it ever was yours; but should the latter happen to me,
which

which is very unlikely, I would scream out so loud as to alarm the whole House, if not the whole Neighbourhood.

Kitty. A pretty prudish Stratagem truly! to oblige a Man to stop your Mouth with Kisses, and shew him the Necessity of a speedy Execution.

LUCIA, KITTY, ARTFUL, and *Servant*.

Servant. Mr. *Traffick*, Ladies, is below.

Lucia. Desire him to walk up.

Mrs. Artful (to Kitty.) Come, my Dear, you and I won't spoil Sport.

Lucia. I beg, Ladies, you would stay—Mr. *Traffick* and I have no Secrets.

Kitty. It's a Pity but you should then, and so we won't prevent it.

LUCIA and *TRAFFICK*.

Traff. I see, *Lucia*, you have been making Acquaintance with your new Inmates—I hope you are not displeas'd with their Company.

Lucia. Indeed, Sir, they answer the Character you gave me of them—they are the merriest Creatures I ever saw; yet, I could wish it were not a Fault so common with Mirth and Wit, to think every Subject alike proper for them to play with; and I cannot help remarking with Regret, that they are generally more successful in ridiculing Virtue than Folly. Upon Religion, Chastity, and Matrimony, even Fools can be witty—but how few are there capable of exposing Vice to a just Detestation, or of putting Folly out of Countenance!

Traff. Indeed, my dear *Lucia*, you are of too serious a Turn. We must not always consider Things as they

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should be, but as they are: for, after all, the first Light is but an imaginary one, the last a real.

Lucia. I own, Sir, I cannot yet bring myself to think so uncharitably; and whilst I have the Happiness of seeing so fair an Example of Rectitude before my Eyes, it will be no easy Matter to make me alter my Mind.

Traff. A Compliment, my Dear, which we feel we do not deserve, however kindly intended, carries with it all the Asperity of Satire; and to own the Truth, Rectitude of Mind, I have reason to believe, is a Fruit not to be brought to Perfection in this revolving Habitation of ours.

Lucia. I know nothing that would be so likely to make me change my Opinion, as such a Declaration from Mr. *Traffick*, did I not know too, it is the very Essence of genuine Virtue to doubt of its own Perfections.

Traff. Whatever Doubts I have concerning my own Perfections, I can assure you, my Dear, I have none concerning yours. (*Bowing.*)

Lucia. I see, Sir, if I made you some small Compliments that were justly your Due, you are determin'd not to be outdone by a Woman.

Traff. I must always have the Advantage of you, my Dear, in the Contention of Praise, if we make Truth our Standard!—Come, *Lucia*, I have something of Importance to say to you.

Lucia. Heav'ns! how my Heart flutters! what can it be?—Introduc'd with such Solemnity! (*Aside.*) What Mr. *Traffick* has to say, must always command my Attention.

Traff. 'Sdeath! now must I play the Hypocrite in Vice—Strange Character! nor is there a Man in the World less fit for it than myself.—But I have promis'd

Reynard

Reynard to prove her, and I will do it as artfully as I can. (*Aside.*)—Dear Madam, you are always very obliging, and what I am now going to say, will, I hope, not make you less so.

Lucia. By that Supposition, Sir, I fear I have said or done something which I ought not—But if your Friendship reaches so far as kindly to intimate my Faults to me, carry it still farther—and believe me incapable of returning Ingratitude for being laid under the greatest possible Obligation.

Traff. Mistake me not, my dear, dear *Lucia*; believe me, I have long contemplated both your Person and Mind, and know it is impossible to find a Defect in either—No—my Dear, it is not your Imperfections, but your Perfections, that are the Object of my present Intentions.

Lucia. Good Sir, you did not use to compliment thus—you put me in Confusion—pray, explain yourself.

Traff. Is it possible, lovely Creature, my Passion can stand in need of the common Vehicle of Words to convey itself to your Understanding? Have not my Looks, my Sighs, my frequent Confusions, and whole Train of Actions, been one continued Proclamation of it?

Lucia. O Sir, spare me, spare me, for Kindness sake. I have indeed a thousand Obligations to you—I would not, could I gain the whole World by it, be ungrateful. If I could serve you, I would watch, I would labour Night and Day to do it. Your Happiness I will pray for more fervently than for my own—nay, if that will content you—I will love you as a fond Sister does her dearest Brother—But, Oh! think of me only as the Object of your Charity—or if you will give way to the soft and benevolent Disposition of your Mind—think of me as a Friend—as a Sister.

Traff.

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Traff. A Sister—Chilling Sound! think of my *Lucia* as a Sister! not for the Universe.—When I behold you, my Soul is on fire. If I think of you, my Brain turns round—and if I chance to touch your soft and glowing Hand, I know not where I am, whether I stand, or walk, or mount into the Air.

Lucia. Cease, I beseech you, cease; I cannot, must not stay to hear such Language.—Consider, Sir, I am a hapless Orphan—the Creature of your Bounty—Would it become me to reward your Love by injuring your Fortune? You may justly hope, not only for Beauty, but Wealth and Merit added to it. Should you marry me, the World might justly blame you for your Choice—and shall I bring to a worthy Husband a Dower of Poverty and Shame? No, never, never! let me not lose a Friend by seeking more.

Traff. Generous Girl! I own, my *Lucia*, the World is sway'd by venal Laws; and was I to indulge my Heart's full Wish, and marry you, 'tis probable they might pursue us with their Censures, and strike a Damp upon our sweetest Pleasures.

Lucia. Now, Sir, you are yourself again—tho' Passion might awhile prevail on you to neglect their Censure, when Time had once put you in Possession of your utmost Wishes, Reason *would* return, *perhaps*, with Indifference in her Train—and then you would feel its Edge, and regret the Loss of those solid Advantages which you had too rashly given up.

Traff. What has the World to do with Lovers' Joys, but through their own Imprudence? If I had but the Power to melt the Heart of my dear *Lucia* to Love's sweet Languishments—if I could but transplant into her lovely Bosom those ardent Wishes—those soft, delightful Hopes that throb within my own—those Ceremonies would be useless, that only serve to publish

to

to the World, what, being known, are thereby only lessen'd.

Lucia. Surely my Ears are deceiv'd, or my Understanding is bewilder'd! Can Mr. *Traffick*—the benevolent, the disinterested Mr. *Traffick*—He who desir'd to live no longer, when a virtuous Action ceas'd to bring with it its own Reward—seek to betray a poor unhappy Orphan—fed by his Bounty—cherish'd by his Goodness—to Infamy—to Misery?

Traff. Believe it not, my *Lucia*; your Happiness is mine. Our Joys shall be as secret as Misers' hidden Treasures, and, like them, the securer for being hid: nor shall your Welfare depend upon Caprice; your Income shall be fix'd, and to your Wish—nothing but the Name of Wife shall be wanting, and that shall be made up for with Constancy and never-cooling Ardour.

Lucia. Hold, Sir, your impious Tongue—I've heard too much already—How have I been deceiv'd! Truth is indeed banish'd from the World—If my Father had been living, you had not dar'd to have insulted me thus.—Every former Obligation you have cancell'd, and I never will receive any future ones—Henceforth, I'll sooner beg my Bread, than eat it at your Cost, or willingly hold Converse with a Man that has betray'd my former Confidence. (*Going.*)

Traff. Indeed, my dear, angry, enchanting *Lucia*, you must not go yet—first hear me upon my Knees.

(*Kneeling.*)

Lucia. Never—the Maid who parleys in Defence of Virtue, is wavering in her Mind, and only seeks some fair Excuse for falling.—My grateful Heart shall always wish you well, but I will never see your Face again. (*Breaks from him, and locks the Door after her.*)

TRAFFICK.

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TRAFFICK.

Yet hear me, I beseech you, my dear, dear *Lucia*—
I own I have been to blame—Wrong'd Innocence!
then I must follow you—Ha! the Door made fast—
Now she is lost for ever!—Fool! Blockhead! Villain
that I was! thus to wrong my better Judgment and
her matchless Virtue—O *Reynard*! thou hast blasted
all my Hopes, and made me lose a Heart worth more
than both the *Indies*! Never more will I converse with
thee.

TRAFFICK.—YOUNG REYNARD and KITTY entering
at another Door.

Y. Reyn. Ha! ha! ha!—O! I shall burst, I shall
burst!—Excellent Prude! Charming Hypocrite!—
I shall never forget those parting Words and that dis-
dainful Air—(*Mimicking*) “My grateful Heart shall
“always wish you well, but I will never see your
“Face again.” Ha! ha! ha!—Ha! ha! ha! Dear
Traffick, excuse me—I cannot help it—upon my Soul I
cannot help it.

Kitty. Ha! ha! ha!—Well, if I was not a Woman,
I'll swear I should almost think it possible the Girl
might be in earnest—But take my Word upon it,
Mr. Traffick, 'tis all Art—or there is more Difference
between one Woman and another, than there is be-
tween Fish and Fowl.

Traff. 'Tis very possible, Madam, there may—but,
Mr. Reynard, you have us'd me ill—Was it not enough,
with your curs'd venal Arts, to drive me on a Rock I
needs must split upon, to make me wrong and insult
with impudent Proposals the most lovely, innocent, and
deserving Woman in the World—but you must lay in

Ambush

Ambush for my Shame, and bring the Creature of your Pleasures too to be a Witness to it?

Kitty. If I am the Creature of his Pleasures, Sir, 'tis no more than you would have made your dainty Madam there, if you could.

Y. Reyn. Why, how now, Hussy!—hold your Tongue, *Kitty*; don't you see the Gentleman is vex'd?—Poo! hang it, *Ned*, don't make such a Rout about the Matter—all will be well, I warrant you.—Could you imagine, the Moment you made Proposals, she should fly into your Arms? She could not well do less than she did, considering her Pretensions to superior Modesty—At her again, Man; you can but marry her at last—My Life upon it, she will soften at the next Attack—I have been serv'd so by twenty—and yet not a Mother's Soul of them all but brought to sooner or later.

Traff. Thou prophane Libeller of the charming Sex, that would'st bring the Character of the chaste, virtuous Maid, down to a Level with those light and abandoned Wretches, with whom thou hast held thy Conversation—I will never more be guided by thy Counsel—What, would'st thou sink me deeper in Perdition?

Y. Reyn. Why troth, *Ned*, a little deeper, I think, would not be much amiss, if ever you hope to get out of it.

Traff. Thou hast no more Idea of the Dignity of offended Chastity, than thou hast of Happiness independent of Wealth.

Y. Reyn. Much the same, indeed, *Ned*:—but, to say the Truth, I ever found that same Chastity, when once offended, such an implacable Termagant, that there was no such Thing as hoping for Peace, till I had entirely conquer'd her—and then—she was as quiet as a Lamb.

H

Traff.

50 THE INDISCREET LOVER:

Traff. Mr. *Reynard*, if you have been so often guilty of converting the most amiable of Beings into the most despicable, which, nevertheless, it is happy for you I do not believe, it would become you better to blush at it, than boast of it.

Y. Reyn. Poo! *Ned*, this is downright serious, and I do not think there is any Necessity for being so, in any thing but Money-Affairs.—However, if you will be a Dupe to Art, that every Woman is Mistress of, and give up your Honour, your Interest, and your Happiness, for a down-cast Look, set Speech, and solemn Air, with all my Heart—but never let us quarrel about the Matter, Man.

Traff. But upon one Condition will I ever renew our former Friendship.

Y. Reyn. Well, well, let's hear your Condition; and if I can comply with it, I will.

Traff. You shall carry a Letter for me to *Lucia*, in which I will assure her all I have done was but to confirm my good Opinion of her Virtue; and that if she had not fled from me with such Precipitation, I should then have convinced her of it—and at the same Time you shall use your utmost Endeavour to prevail on her to permit me an Interview, in which if you succeed, I am yours again.

Y. Reyn. So I must betray your Interest to preserve your Friendship—Well, since you will have it so, prepare your Letter, and depend upon it she shall be yours.

Traff. Once more, *Jack*, there's my Hand—Succeed—and I shall hold myself bound to you as long as I live. I will go home, and dispatch the Letter to your House.—Adieu, *Kitty*! I have been a little rude, my Dear; but you will consider my State of Mind, and pardon me.—Come, I'll give you a Kiss to be Friends.

Kitty.

Kitty. Not I, Sir, I'll have none of your Kisses.

Traff. Well, *Jack*, you shall kiss her for me, and make up all my Quarrels with the Ladies: Farewell.

YOUNG REYNARD and KITTY.

Kitty. Now would I give up any thing but Beauty — and that I can't spare — to be reveng'd on *Traffick* for his Insult, and to see this Madam Affectation here, that is so proud of her Virtue, as she calls it, weeping and wailing for the Loss of that Chastity she makes such a Rout with.

Y. Reyn. Which thou shalt soon see, my Girl. — This Letter of his will I no sooner give her, than I would our great Ledger. — *Traffick*, if it was not for these foolish antiquated Notions that he has in his Head, is a worthy Fellow, and my Friend, and shall not be taken in by this cunning Prude, if I can help it. — I think I have a Stratagem in my Head that will do; for I have pass'd my Word he shall have her, and have her he shall: but I shall stand in need of your Assistance, and *Artful's*.

Kitty. And I will give it you for that Purpose with all my Heart. For my Part, I hate every Woman that insults me with her Modesty.

Y. Reyn. At present I am oblig'd to wait upon my Plague that is to be; you know, *Kitty*, we must not waste our Stock of Negligence before-hand, as we shall have Occasion for it all by and by.

Kitty. Now you talk of Negligence, *Jacky*, hav'n't you neglected to give me the five Guineas you promis'd me? — If you use me like a Wife, I shall use you like a Husband, I assure you.

Y. Reyn. How's that?

Kitty. Why, so — (*Making Horns.*)

Y. Reyn. O fye, *Hussey*! you wouldn't, sure — well, to-morrow you shall have it.

H 2

Kitty.

52 THE INDISCREET LOVER:

Kitty. So you said yesterday, and so you said the Day before: but I'll tell you what, *Jacky*; no Assistance from me till it comes.

Y. Reyn. Well, I'll bring it with me by and by. Give me a Kiss, *Hussey*, and wish me good Luck.

Kitty. There then. (*Kisses him.*) But I hope, when you have got this great Fortune, you'll keep me better than you do now.

Y. Reyn. Ay, Child! then you shall roll in Gold, and eat Bank-notes with your Bread and Butter.—B'ye! b'ye!

KITTY, looking after him.

Ah, *Jacky*! for all thy Wit and Cunning, I am a little too hard for thee. (*Turning to the Stage.*) Now is he Fool enough to think that I am as constant as a Turtle; a pretty billing, cooing, faithful Creature—ha! ha! ha! Well, the Pretence of being kept is a charming Thing—the Difficulty of an Attainment always enhances its Price. I don't find but I have Wit enough to get Money, and yet the Devil of it is, I hav'n't enough to keep it; for if I had, by this Time I might have liv'd independent, and bestow'd my Favours freely wherever I lik'd.

END of the THIRD ACT.



A C T IV.

YOUNG REYNARD, and KITTY in Men's Clothes.

Y. Reyn. I'LL swear, Kitty, you make a downright
Petit-Maitre.

Kitty. That's very true, indeed; for I am but half a Man, and have got no Money in my Pocket.

Y. Reyn. You don't doubt my Honour, I hope; I never promis'd you any thing yet, Hussey, that I did not perform.

Kitty. That may be, my Dear—but then you are so long in performing every Promise you make me, that you might make and perform half a dozen new ones in the mean time.

Y. Reyn. Well, there's your five Guineas—they're worth a Kiss, ar'n't they?

Kitty. No, Sir—now you have made a Man of me, we must shake Hands. Friend, I thank thee, (*Shaking Hands*) no more Kissing till I resume the Petticoat.—I hate to see two Periwigs meet—'tis an Infringement on the Privileges of Beauty.

Y. Reyn. Well, thou art the merriest Girl! just after my own Heart!—if thou did'st but love Me a little more, and my Money a little less.

Kitty. Nay, I vow that's very unkind of you—Hav'n't I, for your sake, refus'd the Offers of Nobles; and given up the Charms of dear Variety? and after all, to grudge me a little of your dirty Pelf!—Well, I have a good Mind to accept of the next better Offer that's made

54 THE INDISCREET LOVER:

made me.—But—what is there in being kept, if one don't love one's Keeper! 'tis as bad as being married. Ah, *Jacky*! you know too well how I doat on you, or I should experience more of your Generosity.

Y. Reyn. Well, *Kitty*, I will do thee Justice—I believe, since thou hast been my Deer, thou hast never broke through my Pale; and when I have got this great Fortune, thou shalt reap the Reward of thy Constancy.—But to our Design upon *Lucia*.

Kitty. Let me know my Task, and I warrant I'll perform it to your Satisfaction.

Y. Reyn. My Design is to make *Traffick* believe, her Refusal of his Offers does not arise from her Virtue, but from her Attachment to another—This imaginary Lover you are to personate—When you are with her, I will bring him where, through the Key-hole, he shall be a Witness to your Actions. I need say no more; your Wit is fertile enough to suit them accordingly—only take care to keep as far from the Door we are at as possible, that he mayn't hear your Words.

Kitty. Let me alone. You could never have thought of any thing that pleases me better—I have a thousand Times wish'd myself a Man, that I might exercise the active Parts of Courtship, for I am quite sick of the passive. What signifies having the same dull Things said over and over to one a hundred Times, only with a little Variation of Phrase, and being pull'd and haul'd and kiss'd about, as well by those we don't like, as those we do?—I love to be saying and doing myself, and then I can please my own Inclinations.

YOUNG REYNARD, KITTY, and ARTFUL.

Artful. Here's Mr. *Traffick* come already; what must we do?

Y. Reyn.

Y. Reyn. Let him come up—and do you, *Kitty*, set about your Task immediately.

Artful. She can't yet; for *Trusty* is with *Lucia*.

Kitty. I'll watch his going, and as soon as he has made his Exit, I'll fall to.—You can entertain Mr. *Traffick* mean while.

YOUNG REYNARD and ARTFUL.

Y. Reyn. Do you, *Artful*, meet Mr. *Traffick* upon the Stairs, as just coming from me, and tell him I am above—'twill help forward my Design; and if I should want you, you will be ready to make the same Confession to him, as I shall pretend you have done to me.

Artful. I will observe carefully all your Orders.

YOUNG REYNARD.

Sure this is the honestest Piece of Roguery that ever was committed, to cheat a Man into his own Interest; nay, to make the same Witch, that by her delusive Representations has drawn him into her Circle, take the same Method to draw him out of it again.

YOUNG REYNARD and TRAFFICK.

Traff. Well, *Jack*, hast thou any Comfort for me, my Boy? Have you delivered my Letter? What Answer? Have you obtained an Interview?

Y. Reyn. Poor *Ned*! faith, I pity thee heartily—Such a Virago!—There's your Letter again—but you may as easily persuade her to open her Heart, as to open the Seal of it.

Traff. I doubt, *Jack*, thou wast but a cold Advocate, or surely she would have been prevailed on at least to have open'd my Letter.

Y. Reyn.

54 THE INDISCREET LOVER:

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Y. Reyn.

Y. Reyn. Let him come up—and do you, *Kitty*, set about your Task immediately.

Artful. She can't yet; for *Truſty* is with *Lucia*.

Kitty. I'll watch his going, and as ſoon as he has made his Exit, I'll fall to.—You can entertain Mr. *Traffick* mean while.

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YOUNG REYNARD and TRAFFICK.

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Y. Reyn. Poor *Ned*! faith, I pity thee heartily—Such a Virago!—There's your Letter again—but you may as eaſily perſuade her to open her Heart, as to open the Seal of it.

Traff. I doubt, *Jack*, thou waſt but a cold Advocate, or ſurely ſhe would have been prevailed on at leaſt to have open'd my Letter.

Y. Reyn.

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Y. Reyn. Upon my Soul, *Ned*, I never took half so much Pains for myself in my Life.—Hang her---let her go, Man---you'll never make any thing of her one Way or other. Why, she'll turn your House into a Tabernacle, your Bed into a Rostrum:—you'll never want for Lectures; and at your Table none will be admitted but Saints, that can pray and cant themselves into her Ladyship's good Graces. And yet, if there is any Truth in what I have just heard, a Beagle with a good Nose might chance to smell a Fox.

Traff. I wish, *Jack*, you would not deal so much in Tropes: but no artful Innuendo whatsoever can lead me to entertain the least Suspicion of that admirable Girl---I am confident her Virtue is as perfect as her Beauty, and both are infinitely beyond the Power of the best Imitation.

Y. Reyn. So much the worse for you, if it be so; for I begin to think they are neither of them for thy turn---Pray, who is that pretty young Gentleman that she is so intimate with? I thought you told me she had no Friend but yourself.

Traff. Mr. *Reynard*, let me tell you, 'tis base and unmanly to endeavour to defame that Virtue, which you find is not to be corrupted.

Y. Reyn. By thee—But I confess I am in the wrong—the Girl may intend virtuously to marry the Gentleman, for aught I know.

Traff. 'Sdeath, *Jack*, thou know'st I am not given to quarrelling; but when my Patience is insulted, I wear a Sword, and thou know'st I have Courage to make use of it.

Y. Reyn. Wear a Sword! Ha! ha! ha!—Am I to stand Godfather to your Mistress's Chastity? You had better tell the Gentleman so next time he comes—he can best answer for it.

Traff.

Traff. The Gentleman! Zounds! what Gentleman?

Y. Reyn. Did you never see one that visits *Lucia*?

Traff. Not I, upon my Honour.

Y. Reyn. Nor I neither.

Traff. Was this well then, to fool with your Friend on so tender, so painful a Subject?

Y. Reyn. Faith, *Ned*, 'tis no Fooling—for there is one, or *Artful* tells me false—and he is expected here every Minute again.

Traff. I will believe nothing, without the Conviction of my own Eyes and my own Ears—I know it is impossible.

Y. Reyn. Thou shalt have both—Go in with me; examine *Artful* yourself; and if he comes, I will bring you where, unseen, you shall be an Eye-witness to their Actions.

Traff. I will go—and if I find what you tell me true, I will subscribe to your Creed, and never more think of a Woman, but as an Object of momentary Pleasure.

LUCIA and TRUSTY.

Trusty. Be comforted, my worthy Mistress—I have a Friend, whose House, tho' humble, will afford a Shelter, and that most joyfully, to persecuted Virtue, till I can find out some better Lodging, more worthy of your Residence.

Lucia. Good *Trusty*, talk not of nice Distinctions now—What do they, but pamper Pride and whet the Sting of Poverty? If they are worthy People and your Friends, it is sufficient. I seek only for Shelter from the inclement Air, and more inclement Man—If they could learn me some useful Occupation, fitting my Abilities, I should be happy, lest I should rob my Benefactor of that humble Morsel his Industry and faithful Services have earn'd.

I

Trusty.

58 THE INDISCREET LOVER:

Trusty. Heav'ns! how my Heart rejoices at her Virtue! (*Aside.*) Dear Madam, I beg you would not cast one single Thought away upon me. I have Strength sufficient to earn my Bread, if I should chance to need it: But I judge you will receive from Mr. *Traffick* shortly such Offers as you need not blush to hear, and such as will relieve you from the Fear of being a Burthen to me.

Lucia. O *Trusty*! if he would make me his Wife now, I could never be his, nor could you, I think, advise me to it. There was a Time, tho' my Heart breaks at the Reflection, that, could I have done it with Honour, I would have prefer'd Mr. *Traffick* to the whole World; but I will never give my Hand to one, however agreeable his Person and Manners, whose libertine Heart despises the sacred Sanctions of Virtue and Honour.

Trusty. Noble Girl! (*Aside.*) Yet, Madam, in this imperfect State of Human Nature, we must not be too strict.—The Strength of youthful Passions, the prevailing Mode, Fear of a censuring venal World, or, perchance, the insinuating Advice of some less generous Friend, may for a time have obscur'd his Reason, and, as it were, drawn him away from himself; but should he return to Virtue, and offer you the honourable Amends of Marriage, he might still deserve your Pity.

Lucia. If he had lov'd me, *Trusty*, could he have sought my Ruin? or, if it be so, surely it is an odious Privilege in Man, to exceed the Brutes as far in Cruelty as Reason.

Trusty. Yet in this, Madam, they possess a happier Privilege, that when they become sensible they have committed an Injury, they can, by future ingenuous Confessions and beneficent Actions, endeavour to atone for it.

Lucia.

Lucia. Your Wisdom, *Trusty*, shall be my future Guide—But I beseech you to help me quickly out of this House; for I would not lie one Night beneath its Roof on any Account whatsoever.

Trusty. Don't be afraid, Madam: I will go and prepare my Friend to receive you, and be back immediately.

LUCIA.

Would he were return'd! my Heart misgives me strangely.—I like not the loose Conversation of these Women.—Yet, let me be careful—lest I should injure them by my Suspicions.—The Flights of Mirth and the Sallies of Wit, exerted either in the Cause of Virtue or Vice, proceed oftner from the Head than the Heart; so that they do not always serve for a Criterion to judge by. Besides, I would not yet believe Mr. *Traffick* capable of laying a regular Snare to entrap me.—O! that my Heart could find out some Excuse for his Behaviour! for still I feel him there.—But 'tis in vain—nothing can palliate his Offence.—Ha! Who comes here? a Man! bless me! (*Going.*)

LUCIA, and KITTY in Men's Clothes.

Kitty. Ha! ha! ha! right Prude!—you needn't run to your Chamber, Miss:—I sha'n't follow you.

Lucia. Dear *Kitty*! is it you? How could you serve me so? I am sure my Heart was just in my Mouth. I think I am afraid of Shadows.

Kitty. There, my Dear, for the first time your Fears are well founded. If we were sure to find Men the very Thing they appear to us, we should have no Reason to be afraid of them: but, alas! some of them are as mere Shadows as myself.

Lucia. But why this strange Metamorphosis, my Dear?

I 2

Kitty,

60 THE INDISCREET LOVER:

Kitty. On purpose to divert you, seeing you so grave.—Why, Child, you are the downright Picture of sober Sadness.

Lucia. If I had a little of your Chearfulness, my Dear, and you a little of my Gravity, perhaps we might neither of us be the worse for it.

Kitty. Pardon me, my Dear, not one Drop of your cold Water for the Universe; nor can I spare one Drop of my Hartshorn.

Lucia. I can assure you, Miss *Kitty*, I don't desire to rob you: but if you had as much Reason for Sadness as I have, 'tis possible you would be downright melancholy: for I have observ'd People of your volatile Disposition are the least of all others able to sustain the Shocks of adverse Fortune.

Kitty. And People of your phlegmatick Disposition, my Dear, when they have no present Evils to combat with, beat up for a Regiment of Volunteers, and then frighten themselves at their formidable Appearance. I dare say now, Mr. *Traffick* and you have had some Love-quarrel, and both will be complaining of adverse Fortune till it's made up again.

Lucia. We have indeed had a Quarrel, and such a one as never can be made up again.

Kitty. I warrant it! A Woman never thinks it worth her while to quarrel with a Man, without she loves him: And Love is a Kind of a Quack Doctor, that makes Wounds only to shew his Dexterity in healing them.—Come, now will I be Mr. *Traffick*—and see how soon I will melt down that proud Heart of yours with my pretended Submissions. (*Falling upon her Knees to Lucia.*) O my adorable Creature! look down with Pity upon your penitent Slave—dispel these low'ring Clouds, that at once rob the World of its brightest Glory, and me of my only Happiness.

Lucia.

Lucia. Indeed, Miss *Kitty*, that will never do.— Besides, I am too dull to be diverted.—Leave this Fooling, I beg of you, and get up, my Dear. (*Giving Kitty her Hand.*)

Kitty. By these dear, white, soft, slender Beauty-sticks, (*kissing her Hand in Extasy*) I will never rise, till you cheer me with the Voice of Pardon—I will lay me for ever at your Feet, till you condescend to raise me to your Bosom.

Lucia. Dear Girl! do get up, I beseech you—Bless me! What Nonsense!

Kitty. My angry Fair One! give not the soft, ardent Language of afflicted Tendernefs so harsh a Title!—but—Submission, I see, will not always do, and as the Poet says,

“ Women, born to be control’d,

“ Stoop to the Forward and the Bold.”

(*Starts up, and changes to a free Air.*)

Come, Child, you may as well leave off this Pouting.— I suppose somebody has told you, you look pretty when you frown: but tho’ it is very true, because you are always so; yet, upon my Soul, my Dear, you look ten times prettier when you smile.—Come—do try a little, there’s a Love. (*Chucking her under the Chin.*)

Lucia. Indeed, Miss *Kitty*, this Gaiety is ill-tim’d—it does not suit my present Disposition.

Kitty. Nay, if I have not hit upon the right Way yet, I must try the jealous Lover, I think, and put on the Lord of the Creation in all his self-important Majesty. (*Strutting angrily about.*)—Madam, I now perceive the Drift of all this causeless Anger—the natural Inconstancy of your Sex has prevail’d, and some insignificant Fop, whose only Merits are his fine
I Clothes,

62 THE INDISCREET LOVER:

Clothes, fine Words, and fine Snuff-box, has got Possession of the slippery Empire of your Heart, till some other Fop, more light, gaudy, and pert than himself, shall dispossess him as easily, as he has done me; but know, Madam, tho' I break my Heart, I will break your Chains—nor will I ever more submit to such ignoble Slavery.

Lucia. Bless me, *Kitty!* how can you run on so? Surely you have been at *Cupid's* Academy, on purpose to study the Arts of Courtship.

Kitty. No, indeed, my Dear; my Masters all came home to me.—Now you shall see me play the parting Lover.

Lucia. No—pray, my Dear, let's have no more of it.

Kitty. Nay, but I must go through my Exercise.—And must we part! O, that such a Word should be found in the Vocabulary of Love! (*Standing and looking languishing, and then sighing.*)—Parting! 'tis the Death of Rapture—'tis the Birth of Anguish—'tis the Purgatory of Souls not yet departed—'tis an Eclipse of the Planet of Beauty.—Yet, since it must be so, let me seal my faithful Vows with a thousand Kisses upon those dear Hands, and once more drink the nectar'd Fragrance from those breathing Roses, tho' the delicious Poison run through my Veins, and fill my Breast with Madness. (*Kissing her Hand over and over again, and then saluting her.*) Farewell—farewell—for Hours—to Lovers, Ages.

LUCIA.

Surely, there never was such a mad Creature in this World—What can she mean by this strange Frolick? If my Heart had been at ease, I might have enjoy'd it.—But I'm every Day more and more convinc'd, that it is in vain to look abroad for Pleasure; its Source
must

must be in our own Minds, and the Result of Innocence and Virtue only: but tho' without them we cannot be happy, it is not always in their Power to make us so.

LUCIA, and TRAFFICK *entering hastily*.

Traff. Your Servant, Madam.—I perceive that your Anger towards me has not given you a bad Opinion of the whole Sex.

Lucia. I don't know what you mean, Mr. *Traffick*.—It was my firm Determination never to see you again—why am I thus rudely to be broke in upon?

Traff. Greater Freedoms, Madam, than ever I presum'd to take, did not excite your Anger, when offer'd by a more favour'd Person.

Lucia. I must tell you, Sir, this is the most unbecoming Part you have yet acted; even more base and degrading than the ungentleman-like Insult you lately offer'd.

Traff. Allowing, Madam, you were at Liberty to bestow your Affections freely, wherever the wayward Fancy of Woman could imagine Merit—allowing the Power of Gratitude to be subordinate to that of Love—yet surely there was no Occasion for this clandestine Manner, if I may so call it, of encouraging a Lover.—It would have been more generous in you to have acquainted so sincere a Friend with your Inclination—then might I have curb'd my own ambitious Passion, and have endeavour'd to serve you in the Way your own Heart desir'd.

Lucia. Your Plot, Mr. *Traffick*, is not more mean than it is weak and ill-contriv'd—Your Accusations I have no need to answer, as your own Heart can do it for me.—But, Sir, as you never had any Reason to
be

64 THE INDISCREET LOVER:

be jealous ; so have your base Proposals taken from you all Right to be so.

Traff. No Occasion, Madam ! 'Sdeath ! did not I see with my own Eyes your Minion at your Feet ? Did not I see you give him your Hand, with all the Gentleness of yielding Love, to help him up ? Did not I see him worry that Hand with Rapture, and proceed to such embolden'd, such transported Actions, as rack'd my Soul with Madness to be a Witness of ?

Lucia. Mr. *Traffick*, your Art, I allow, is excellent ; but it only serves to confirm that Disdain, which perhaps a different Behaviour might have remov'd. I will hear no more ; but lock myself up, till I can be deliver'd from this bad House, where none but the most artful and dishonourable of Men would ever have brought me.

TRAFFICK.

By Heav'ns ! she's hackney'd in the Ways of Perfidy. How artfully, instead of vindicating her Innocence, (which indeed was out of her Power) did she answer Accusation with Accusation !—But tho' I'm resolv'd to get the Mastery over my Passion, yet would I fain, if she had not again quitted me so hastily, have clear'd up my own Innocence, and confess'd to her the Motives of my late Behaviour. I cannot bear she should think meanly of me.—But who can this happy Rival be ? 'Tis strange I have never seen him before—and why does she accuse me of a new Plot ?

TRAFFICK and YOUNG REYNARD.

Y. Reyn. Well, *Ned*, who knows the Sex best now ? You or I ?

Traff. O ! they were form'd, by presenting to us a Prospect of consummate Happiness, to make us thoroughly sensible of human Misery.

Y. Reyn.

Y. Reyn. There, *Ned*, art thou quite out in thy Philosophy. They are, indeed, form'd to give us the most substantial Transports; but when we deprive our Senses of their just Dominion, and seek for Happiness only in the romantick Regions of Fancy, we justly forfeit those Pleasures, which we might enjoy if we pleas'd.

Traff. What are the short-liv'd Pleasures of sensual Gratification, to the finer and more exquisite Feelings of the Soul?

Y. Reyn. Vastly pretty!—and so, I suppose, if you could but enjoy those fine and exquisite Feelings you speak of (which I own to me are downright Non-Entities) the personal Possession of your Mistress is a Trifle you could easily dispense with.

Traff. Not so, neither—it would be Transport even to Madness—for then I could not doubt standing first in her Affections, and, 'spite of my Anger, I must confess I can conceive no Pleasure equal to that:—for tho' 'tis plain she loves another, yet do I believe her Virtue impregnable, and I am sure her Beauty is inimitable.

Y. Reyn. Faith, *Ned*, there is no denying that she is devilish handsome—and there is one Way, if thou hadst but Spirit, she might be come at yet.

Traff. Say you so, dear *Jack*!—let me know what it is this Moment.

Y. Reyn. Why, when you know, I'll lay my Life of it you won't do it.

Traff. There can be nothing I would not do, for the sake of obtaining that dear, amiable, divine Creature.

Y. Reyn. Hey-day! what's become of all your Anger, Man? this is not the Way—You have already been praising, flattering, and worshipping her, till she verily believes she is an Angel; and you never will be able to

K

do

66 THE INDISCREET LOVER:

do any thing with her, till you prove incontestably to her she is a mere Woman, and nothing but a Woman.

Traff. And pray, Friend, how is this necessary Proof to be accomplish'd?

Y. Reyn. I fancy now, if I was to let you into her Room by a private Door, of which I could procure the Key, honest Nature would inform thee better than I can.—I'll tell you what, *Ned*—I never knew a Garrison refuse to surrender, after a Breach was made in the Walls of the Citadel.

Traff. Is it possible I can so long have worn in my Bosom a Wretch capable of giving me such base, such execrable Advice! Would'st thou have me sully the whitest Virtue, and bring upon myself a Resentment too just and strong for Argument or Time to remove?

Y. Reyn. Truly, *Ned*, 'tis something hard to be abus'd for giving you the strongest Proof of Friendship that any Man can give—that of advising you for your Interest against your Inclination. This I am sure of, if you follow my Advice, you will entirely supplant your Rival; and then, if you chuse to marry her, she'll jump at it.

Traff. And pray, Sir, how are you sure of that?—did she tell you so?

Y. Reyn. To tell you the Truth, *Ned*, I have within these two Hours made the Experiment, and prov'd it so.

Traff. Thou hast not dar'd to be rude to her, sure?

Y. Reyn. If I had, thou would'st not cut my Throat, would'st thou?

Traff. Hadst thou preserv'd my Life an hundred Times, my Anger would overcome my Gratitude.

Y. Reyn. Well, well, set thy Heart at Ease about that—a little less Virtue will serve my Turn, I promise you.

Traff. What dost thou mean then by making the Experiment?

Y. Reyn.

Y. Reyn. Ah, *Ned!* would thou hadst been as happy with *Lucia*, as I have been with *Fanny*.

Traff. Thou hast not ruin'd her, sure!

Y. Reyn. Dear *Ned!* leave off that Cant, I beseech thee. I have been happy with her; and if thou hadst as much Spirit as me, thou might'st have been the same with *Lucia*.

Traff. How could'st thou have the Impudence to offer such a Thing?

Y. Reyn. How could'st thou have the Modesty not?

Traff. If your *Fanny* had been as virtuous as my *Lucia*, you would not have dar'd.

Y. Reyn. Egad, she pretended to be so—frown'd, scolded, blush'd, struggled—O! the ravishing Delight of enjoying Happiness as the Reward of Conquest! How different from the lukewarm Pleasure that flows from unresisting Beauty!—It's all right again now, my Boy—it's all right.

Traff. Well, thou art a strange Fellow!—and so thou thinkest my *Lucia* would behave in the same Manner?

Y. Reyn. As sure as Matrimony will beget Strife, Strife beget Coldness, and Coldness end in Disgust.

Traff. It is in vain, I see, to make a profess'd Rake sensible of the Dignity of true Virtue. (*Aside.*) Well, *Jack*, procure me this Key, and in two Hours I'll be here again—you shall manage Matters for me in the mean time.

Y. Reyn. Give me thy Hand—Now thou art a Lad of Spirit—I wish thee Joy of thy Success already; for 'tis infallible, if your Courage does not fail you.

Traff. Never fear, *Jack!*—for I find I cannot be happy without her.—Adieu for the present.

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YOUNG REYNARD.

Egad! my Success with *Fanny* came quite *a-propos*.—I've warm'd him—I've rais'd the evil Spirit within him—and when 'tis once rais'd in the Bosom of one of these conscientious Fellows, 'tis ten times stronger than in us profess'd Pleasurists, who are subject to its diurnal Visits.—I'll in, and see for *Kitty* and *Artful*; they will rejoice at my Success: for they look upon all Women of Virtue inveigled into their Train, as so many Proofs that they are no worse than the rest of their Sex, who would all have been the same, had they met with the same Temptation.

TRUSTY.

Good Heavens! how opportunely did I come in, to over-hear their villainous Intentions! What Danger is Youth and Beauty expos'd to, when depriv'd of the shelt'ring Wing of a Parent!—But that Mr. *Traffick*, bred up under the worthiest of Fathers, and seemingly inheriting all his Virtues, should be so far prevail'd upon by the insinuating Advice and contagious Example of a bad Companion, as to resolve upon so wicked, so desperate an Act, and that plainly contrary to his nobler Principles and better Judgment, amazes me.—But I hear somebody coming.—I will contrive to conceal myself in the House, and watch over *Lucia* to secure her from their Design.

OLD REYNARD and YOUNG REYNARD.

Old Reyn. Son, Son, don't tell me—Keeping has ruin'd more than Matrimony, Honesty, and Books—I hardly ever knew a Man become a Bankrupt, that did not keep a Mistress.

Y. Reyn. Be pacified, dear Dad, you hav'n't heard all my Reasons yet.

Old Reyn.

Old Reyn. Reasons, you young Rascal!—a Man may have Reasons for Stealing, Reasons for Lying, Reasons for Drinking, and Reasons for Wenching—but Reasons for Keeping no Man ever had yet, but that of being a Fool.

Y. Reyn. Well, don't be in such a Passion, Father.—Did you never keep?

Old Reyn. Yes, Dog, I have kept—my Money—and my Reputation.

Y. Reyn. Why, that's my very Reason for keeping a Mistress.

Old Reyn. Ay, ay, make that appear, Boy, and I'll forgive you.

Y. Reyn. First, as to Saving—I have made an exact Calculation of six Months Expences of each, and find that, when I rang'd at large, what between Presents, Treats, the exorbitant Demands of Bagnio-Keeper and Surgeons, it cost me five Pounds fifteen Shillings and five Pence more than it has done in Keeping—there's mathematical Demonstration for you, Dad.

Old Reyn. Extravagant Puppy!

Y. Reyn. Ay, but you know the least Extravagance is best. Then this Way I preserve my Reputation: For by keeping an old Woman, who passes for Aunt to Kitty, at once to attend and watch her, and pretending they are Relations of mine, I visit them without Suspicion.—She is a mighty good Sort of an old Woman, and not ugly.—Suppose you was to visit her now and then, Dad—'twould cost nothing.

Old Reyn. Ah, Rascal!—however, since you have taken such Care of your Reputation, I forgive you.—But, Jack, I was in hopes you would have found Employment elsewhere.

Y. Reyn. It's all over, Dad—all's my own—and now comes your Part.—I was just going to seek you, if you had

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had not prevented me.—But pray, how came you to find me here?

Old Reyn. Ah! I warrant you thought it was an easy Matter to impose upon the old Man—but 'twill out, 'twill out.—*Simon Clodpole* happen'd to pass by, and heard you ask if your Cousin was within—and on my enquiring for you, told me he saw you go into your Cousin's in *Chancery-Lane*—on which I guess'd—

Y. Reyn. Well, well, Dad, never fear me; I'll always take care of the main Chance.—And now I think of it, this will be the handiest Place in the World to send for old *Wealthy* to:—Pretend it is the House of a Relation of yours, and that you have something of the utmost Importance to impart—mean while I will put you in the Way to treat with him.

Old Reyn. Since you have manag'd so successfully hitherto, you shall direct.—I warrant I'll play my Part with the old Gentleman, and take care of our Reputation.—I know the World as well as any body, or I should never have made a single Hundred bring forth a hundred-fold—*Simon* came with me to the Door; I made him go first, that, by his stopping, I might know where it was without asking him. I'll send him to *Wealthy* directly. [Exeunt.

END of the FOURTH ACT.



A C T V.

OLD REYNARD.

ODSO! Odso! I have it all here, (*putting his Hand to his Forehead.*) I wish the old Gentleman was come—I'm ready for him.—A Man can never cheat others successfully of their Money, without first cheating them out of their good Opinion.—Whenever I find a Man careless in his Accounts, I never fail to make some small Mistake to his Prejudice, and then I am sure to gain the Character of the honestest Fellow existing, by finding it out myself, and setting it to rights; which leaves me at liberty to outwit him of five times as much another time without Suspicion.—O Reputation! Reputation! What a large Wig and a Chariot is to a Physician, what Tautology is to an Attorney, Brags to a Counsellor, Perseverance to a Lover, a cherry Cheek, roguish Eye, and mock Modesty to a Girl that would make her Fortune—thou art to a Man of the World.

OLD REYNARD *and a Servant.*

Servant. A Gentleman, Sir, whose name is *Wealthy*, enquires for you.

Old Reyn. Does he so?—Shew him up, shew him up.

OLD REYNARD.

(*Going up to the Glafs, stroking his Beard and Clothes, and putting his Wig in Order.*)

Egad! I must put on a Look of Importance—Let me see—Ay! this will do, this will do.

I

OLD

OLD REYNARD *and* WEALTHY.

Old Reyn. Signior, I kiss your Hands.—(*Bowing formally.*)

Wealthy. Mr. *Reynard*, for such I understand is your Name, I am your most humble Servant.

Old Reyn. Most noble Signior, no Compliments, I beseech you; pray be seated. (*Presents him a Chair with great Ceremony.*)

Wealthy. What conceited old Puppy is this? (*Aside.*) —Pray, Sir, to what extraordinary Circumstance is it that I owe the Favour of this Interview? for I cannot say I have the Honour of knowing you; tho' I think I have seen your Face upon 'Change.

Old Reyn. Signior, your Thoughts are always just—worthy a Man of Sense and Consequence.

Wealthy. To Business, if you please, good Sir.—I hop'd, when I quitted the Banks of the *Ebro* and return'd to my native *Thames*, I should have got rid of that troublesome Load of Ceremony, which made my Time there pass but disagreeably, notwithstanding all my Advantages, and have met with that plain Sincerity of Manners here, which is not better suited to the Man of Business than the Man of Sense.

Old Reyn. Odso! odso! Signior, I perceive you are both, I perceive you are both.

Wealthy. Once more, Sir, may I crave your Business? for, as I said, I do not know I have had the Honour of seeing you, unless it has been upon 'Change.

Old Reyn. Signior *Wealthy*, you are right—you are right.—I am as well known there as the Statue of Sir *John Barnard*—I might have said my Reputation for Probity is as well known there—But I hate Boasting—I hate Boasting.

Wealthy.

Wealthy. So I perceive. (*Aside.*) I give you Joy, Sir, of having obtain'd a Jewel of so great Price.—But your Business, if you please?

Old Reyn. Signior, you have a Daughter, a very beautiful young Lady—a very accomplish'd young Lady—a very modest young Lady indeed.

Wealthy. This is the oddest old Coxcomb I ever met with:—What! does he intend to palm a Daughter upon me! (*Aside.*)—You have certainly mistaken your Man, Sir; for I have no Daughter, I assure you.

Old Reyn. You are a wise Man, Mr. *Wealthy*,—a very wise Man. You have not been so long in *Spain* for nothing.—But there is no keeping Daughters conceal'd here—Miss *Fanny's* Beauty has darted from behind the Cloud, and done Execution. I wish it hadn't—I'm sure I wish it hadn't: But young People will be young People—they will not consider the Difference of Fortune.

Wealthy. *Fanny!*—She has certainly been passing herself off for my Daughter—if so, it's Time to get rid of her. I must know the Bottom of this. (*Aside.*) I see, Sir, you know the World—there's no deceiving you.—But pray, Sir, since you will have it so, what is this Affair of *Fanny's*?

Old Reyn. Ah! Sir, I have told him of it a hundred Times. I have rated him—I have dissuaded him—I have confin'd him—but all to no purpose.—I lock'd him up—he jump'd out of the Window.—At last I told him, Son, Son, if you will pursue this young Lady without her Father's Knowledge, I think it my Duty to acquaint him with it—my Reputation shall not suffer through your Indiscretion—all the World knows how much I value my Reputation.

Wealthy. And what did he say to that, pray?

L

Old

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Old Reyn. O Signior! he fell upon his Knees, wept, rav'd, vow'd he should be undone.—I represented to him the Impossibility of succeeding, when I had not above ten thousand Pounds to give him, first and last, and the Greatness of the Lady's Expectations, being your only Child.—Not but the Boy is a very good Boy, a very sensible Boy—and well vers'd in the Art of getting Money.—I taught him, I taught him—and he was always an apt Scholar, an apt young Dog.—But then I promis'd not to tell neither—but my Reputation requires it—I ought to conceal nothing from you—I ought to conceal nothing.

Wealthy. In so doing, Sir, you will give me a Proof of that Probity, which it seems you are so well known for.

Old Reyn. O Signior! if it should be the Ruin of the Boy, I must out with it. I cannot help being honest—I was born honest—I was bred honest, and have made the Reputation of Honesty my Study, ever since I expos'd my Throat to the Mercy of a Tonfor.

Wealthy. I cannot but be proud, Sir, of becoming acquainted with so honest a Gentleman.

Old Reyn. I have tickled him—I have tickled him—he begins to have a good Opinion of me. (*Aside.*) O Signior! I am going to bring to light a very painful Circumstance—a very painful Circumstance indeed!

Wealthy. I wish you a good Delivery, Sir.

Old Reyn. Signior, your most obedient.—Indeed, Mr. *Wealthy*, I am greatly concern'd for so worthy a Gentleman—I feel for you—I know how tender a Daughter's Reputation must be in the Eye of a Parent—Not but I know too a Blot is not a Blot till it is hit; and what has pass'd between my Son and the Lady, altho' in the Anguish of his Heart he discovered to me, he would sooner die than betray to the
World,

World. Poor Boy! Indeed I pity him—but, after all, 'tis his own Fault—and I could not maintain my Probity without telling you.

Wealthy. Mr. *Reynard*, I understand you—the Girl has granted your Son the last Favour before the first.

Old Reyn. I see you are a wise Man, Mr. *Wealthy*, a very wise Man.—You know these Things are frequent amongst young People, and when they are never found out, they are never the worse for it.—But alas! their Imprudence has not ended here.

Wealthy. Pray, Mr. *Reynard*, let us have it all then.

Old Reyn. You may depend upon it, Signior, I will lay my Commands upon him to give it up.—O the Imprudence of young People! silly Fools! silly Fools! here have they been and bound themselves to marry each other under a mutual Obligation of ten thousand Pounds, and the Rogues have got it well drawn and properly witness'd.

Wealthy. Well, well, Mr. *Reynard*, you have made yourself appear an honest Man—and since your Son comes of so honest a Family, and has made so free with the Girl already, I think *Fanny* cannot do better than to marry him.

Old Reyn. And do you consent, Sir? You overjoy me—my Son will run mad.—This it is to know how to set one's self off. (*Aside.*)

Wealthy. I have no Objection, I can assure you—nor will *Fanny* be any way injured in her Fortune thereby.—But, Mr. *Reynard*, you know the World: It would not be proper for me to have any Concern in so unequal a Match—But, if they are married without my knowing any thing of the Matter, no body can blame me, and I shall not so much as pretend to be displeased at it—I think it is for the Girl's Interest, and that's enough.

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Old Reyn. Very discreet indeed, very discreet—and as generous as discreet.—Good Signior, will you do me the Honour to drink a Glass of Wine with me?—If you will divert yourself with the Ladies for half an Hour, I will just inform my Son of his good Fortune, and be with you again.

Wealthy. With all my Heart.

Old Reyn. I will introduce you, if you please, into next Room one Minute, while I give some Orders to my Man.

Wealthy. Sir, I shall be oblig'd to you.

Old Reyn. Pray, Sir. (*Shewing him out with great Ceremony, and then returning to the Stage.*)—Egad! I'll take a Parson with me—the old Man's Mind may change—the old Man's Mind may change.—Hey! *Clodpole!*

CLODPOLE and OLD REYNARD.

Clodpole. Did ye want me, Measter?

Old Reyn. Want ye, Sirrah! what d'ye think I call'd you for? Do you know where our Curate Mr. *Labyrinth* lives?

Clodpole. Noa, not I—I ne'er heard un but once, and then I was so waundly drawsy, that an the Church Door hadn't gin a great Screech and a Bounce in shutting, I should ha' bin lock'd in among the dead Voake all Noight—but I can aks our *Sall*.

Old Reyn. No, no, *Simon*; say nothing at home—say nothing at home.—You know the Pastry-cook's the Corner of *Church-lane*?

Clodpole. Ay, Measter, I've bought many a nice Keake there—Mother always said I had a sweet Tooth.

Old Reyn. Well, *Simon*, next Door is a Broker's, where you will see in the Shop, rusty Iron, broken Close-stools, ragged Books, and blind Pictures to sell—there he lives.

Clodpole.

Clodpole. Ay, Measter, I'll run directly.—(*Going.*)

Old Reyn. Sirrah! Sirrah! what are you going about?

Clodpole. I doan't know, Zur—yow didn't tell a body.

Old Reyn. Tell him to meet me directly at the *Queen's Arms*, near *Doctors-Commons*—and d'ye hear, make no Mistakes.

Clodpole. I'fe warrant for that, Measter—let *Clodpole* alone.

Old Reyn. Well, well; make hafte, make hafte.

SIMON CLODPOLE.

Ads-sniggers! our *Sall* has a rare Head-piece—Zhe and I shall do waundly well together. (*Patting himself on the Head.*) I'fe warrant, whenever a Parson's sent for, there's something good a brewing—a Wedding, or a Christ'ning, or a Burrying, or zome zuch Thing.—I'll run hoame, and tell Sweetheart vurst.—Who knoaws but she may let me speak a good Word to the Gentleman about ourselves?—who knoaws?—who knoaws?—He! he! he! (*Goes out sniggering, and shrugging up his Shoulders.*)

Scene changes to a Chamber in the same House.

LUCIA alone.

Good Heav'ns! what a Change has a few Days made in my Circumstances! In the Morning I was as happy as Dependance would permit me.—I ow'd all my Obligations to the only Man in the World to whom I wish'd to be oblig'd—I felt no Want—I fear'd none.—Now, all Things are revers'd. My Protector is become my Betrayed.—To reflect upon the Man that before fill'd my Mind with the most tender and pleasing Ideas, now fills it with Horror and Confusion.—Yet—
conscious

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conscious of intentional Innocence, let me not give way to Despair. Could I think it possible that Mr. *Traffick* was not privy to *Kitty's* Disguise and artful Behaviour—I know of nothing that could give me so much Pain, as to have my Innocence, Ingenuofness, and Gratitude, appear thus questionable.—But what Reason could she have for such a Stratagem, but to serve his Purpose?—Ha! what means that Door unlocking? I was told it was fasten'd up—and the other I have secur'd.—Mr. *Traffick*! (Screams.)

TRAFFICK and LUCIA.

Traff. Dearest *Lucia*! be not alarm'd—I am no Thief, no impious Ravisher.—Your Honour is not dearer in your own Regard than 'tis in mine.—I could not bear to appear to you in the unfavourable Light my late mistaken Actions have plac'd me—otherwise I had not presum'd to have intruded thus.

Lucia. Mr. *Traffick*, I perceive, in whatsoever your Mind is turn'd to, you are consummate. Yet I conjure you to reflect in time, what a dreadful Thing it is to be compleat in Vice.

Traff. Madam, were my Mind such, as you have Reason to believe it is, I should indeed be a Wretch beneath your Regard.—But, my dearest *Lucia*, if you had not twice fled from me so precipitately, I trust I should fully have clear'd myself from Guilt, tho' not from Indiscretion.

Lucia. Sir! however lightly the fashionable Part of Mankind may esteem the inveigling of Innocence, and soften it with the Name of Indiscretion, their Conscience may one Day inform them, it is a Crime exceeding in Turpitude even Theft or Murder—For what Property is equal to Peace and Felicity, of which the unhappy Victim is bereav'd?—or what is the Loss of Life to that of Virtue?

Traff.

Traff. Such Guilt, Madam, my Soul never yet dar'd to venture on.—'Tis true—urg'd by a Friend's Advice, I was so weak as to presume to prove that Virtue I never doubted.—My Crime has justly been my Punishment—and surely my gentle *Lucia* will extend her Pardon to one, whose Penitence exceeds his Crime. If you had not so cruelly refus'd to receive the Letter I sent by Mr. *Reynard*, I trust you would have thought better of me before this Time.

Lucia. I fear, Mr. *Traffick*, this is another of your artful Schemes.—I neither saw your Friend, nor Letter.

Traff. Ha! Did not Mr. *Reynard* present you a Letter from me, and urge you with all his Power to read it, or procure me an Interview?

Lucia. Never.

Traff. Villain! then I perceive he has betray'd me.—I confess, Madam, in my first Offence my Behaviour was unpardonable—yet was I absolutely innocent of any bad Intention.—The last Time I had the Honour of seeing you, I was likewise to blame; since I certainly had no Right to be angry at your Preference of another to me—altho' that Preference made me infinitely miserable.

Lucia. Sir, Sir, for Heaven's sake leave off this Art, and speak with Truth and Honour.—You know too well who the Person was you pretended to be jealous of.

Traff. Upon my Honour, Madam, I do not, and beg of you, if you have the least Regard for my Peace of Mind, that you will inform me.—Indeed, my dear *Lucia*, I will not oppose your Happiness.—I will sacrifice my own to yours, and will even do every thing in my Power to serve you, and my happy, happy Rival.

Lucia. Mr. *Traffick*, I am so surpriz'd at your Behaviour, that I know not how to act, or what to say.—Surely, you must know it was Miss *Kitty* dress'd in Men's Clothes,

Traff.

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Traff. *Kitty!*—Furies and Distraction!—Is it possible that *Reynard* could use me thus!—How ridiculous have I made myself!—O *Lucia!* I have been a Dupe to the most artful of pretended Friends; but my Sword shall revenge the Injury he has done my Honour, and the exquisite Pain that his vile Machinations must have inflicted upon a Bosom so richly fraught with the most delicate Sensibility.

Lucia. I fear, Mr. *Traffick*, this Anger is affected; and that you are only endeavouring to lull my Fears, till some new Plot, that you have contriv'd for my Ruin, is ripe for Execution.

Traff. Madam, I cannot deny but you have too much Reason to think so; nor dare I presume to offer you a Heart, tho' upon the most honourable Terms, that is, and only shall be yours, till I have fully clear'd my Innocence, and reveng'd your Wrongs.

Lucia. Mr. *Traffick*, my Heart is satisfied.—I am convinc'd, from your present Behaviour, that you never intended to injure me—and—O! could you have felt the Pangs of disappointed Gratitude that wrung my Soul, you could then, and then only, conceive the Joy I have in finding you innocent—but for Heaven's sake remain so—and do not, by pursuing the Phantom of Honour for its Substance, again involve me in those Sufferings from which I am but just deliver'd. Shall Man, tho' greatly provok'd, lift up his Hand against his Maker's Image, and be innocent?

Traff. Good Heaven! What are all the Treasures of the Earth, when set in Competition with a virtuous and amiable Woman!—And is it possible, my *Lucia*, you can forgive him? Is it possible you can forgive me?

Lucia. I can, I do.

Traff. Yet I find it hard to forgive either myself or him.—Shall such Perfidy go unpunish'd?

Lucia. Vengeance is a Weapon too dangerous for Man.—Yet, Mr. *Traffick*, you must pardon me, when I tell you, it is yourself only that are to blame.—What he did was the Effect of his Friendship for you; and tho' wrought upon blameable Principles, yet was it intended only for your Benefit, and therefore, from you, merits Indulgence. But when a Man of Sense chuses a Friend rather for his Wit than his Virtue, it is no Wonder if he is thereby led into Difficulties.

Traff. How strong is the Power of Truth, when urg'd by the Voice of Kindness!—O *Lucia*! I feel it is more in the Power of a virtuous Woman to make a Man good and happy, than in that of any other earthly Means whatsoever: then deign to bless me with your Hand, and make me both.

Lucia. Think not what I am going to say proceeds either from Revenge for past Affronts, or Dislike to your Person and Principles—(the first I have forgiven, and will think no more of; the last, Gratitude and your own Merit absolutely forbid)—but from a Consciouſness of the Injury I should do your Fortune, by accepting your noble, your disinterested Offer; and the Reflections that would be cast by the World both on you and me. This, therefore, is my Determination—that I will never marry without my Father (which indeed I cannot so much as hope for) should return, by his Consent approve my Choice, and by his paternal Affection set me upon some Degree of Equality with the Gentleman he should bestow me upon.

Traff. O *Lucia*! you have at once made me both happy and miserable: you have given me the most ravishing View of Paradise, but at the same time render'd it impossible to enter.

M

TRAFFICK,

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TRAFFICK, LUCIA, and TRUSTY *entering by the same Door* TRAFFICK *came in at.*

Trusty. Pardon me, Sir—pardon me, good Madam—that I have thus presum'd to intrude upon your Privacy; nay, that I acknowledge I have over-heard all that has pass'd.—You, Sir, cannot be angry, when I likewise confess myself privy to what pass'd between you and Mr. *Reynard*—and you, Madam, will not, I am certain, when I assure you it was your Safety that render'd it necessary.

Lucia. Kind, worthy *Trusty*, I am rejoic'd at your Return. O! what have I suffer'd during your short Absence! but now I am again happy.

Trusty. Madam, I know it all, and would advise you to secure your future Tranquillity by accepting this worthy Gentleman's Offer.

Traff. Dear *Trusty*, I shall be bound to you as long as I live. Assist me, I beseech you, to obtain your Angel of a Mistress.—I had rather obtain her Hand than the greatest Addition to my Fortune; and, for her sake, will bear with Pleasure the ill-grounded Reflections of a mistaken World.

Trusty. Madam, you have done me the Honour to desire that I would assist you with my humble Opinion; permit me then, in the most pressing Manner, to recommend to you this Gentleman's Suit.—His Worth you confess.—I know your good Sense will not permit you to think, more than enough can be necessary to Happiness. Gratitude then must be his Friend; since the only Thing wanting to compleat his Felicity you can bestow—your amiable Self. And as for the Reflections of the World—a wise Person will regard them no farther than to take care not to deserve them.—But, ah! Madam, sometimes Greatness of Soul borders

ders so near upon Pride, that it leads us into Errors that prevent our Happiness.

Lucia. Would, *Trusty*, I had before receiv'd the Assistance of your Wisdom! Perhaps I have been to blame—but it is too late to recall my Word, and I dare not falsify it.

Traff. What must I do, *Lucia*, when your Virtue is my Enemy? Will you promise to be mine, if your Father should return and consent?

Lucia. Most freely.

Trusty. Will you, Sir, promise to marry none but this Lady on the same Conditions?

Traff. Most freely.

Trusty. Then, Sir, if you approve of it, for both your Hearts' Content, I'll write it down: you shall both sign it, and I will be a Witness.

Traff. Dear *Trusty*, do; and I will wear the Paper next my Heart. You will not be against it, *Lucia*?

Lucia. I would do any thing Virtue would permit, to oblige you.

Traff. Dear Girl!

Trusty (*writes.*) There, Sir, is your Promise.—(*Writes again.*) There, Madam, is your's. Be pleas'd to sign them. (*Here they both sign, and give the Papers to Trusty, who witnesses, and then returns them.*) There they are back again. Be true and happy, and Heaven reward your Virtue.

Lucia, } (*reading.*) { Witness, *Thomas Goodheart*!

Traff.

Lucia. It is my Father's Hand!—Good Heavens! how, how have I deserv'd such Blessings! (*Kneeling.*) Dear Sir, let me be riveted here for ever.

Traff. I know it well—for I have many of his Letters by me.—Amazement!

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Goodheart. O Daughter! Heavens pour a thousand, thousand Blessings on you!—Now I have been a Witness of your Virtue, it fills my Eyes with Tears, my Heart with Transport.—The Troubles of my former Life are in one Moment wip'd from my Remembrance.—Rise, rise, my *Lucia*, my Pride, my Comfort, and make your generous Benefactor happy.—I owe him nothing less for his Care of you.

Lucia. With the same Chearfulness, dear Sir, shall all your future Orders be obey'd. O! what a Blessing 'tis to have a Father! (*Mr. Goodheart presents Lucia to Traffick, who receives her kneeling.*)

Traff. My Gratitude and Joy no Words can express.—*Mr. Goodheart*, you know how ill I have deserv'd this Blessing—but all my future Life shall be one continued Act of Atonement.

Goodheart. Nor is she dowerless, *Mr. Traffick*.—I will give her ten thousand Pounds on the Day of Marriage, and twice as much hereafter.—My Stock, when I embark'd from *Lisbon*, for the sake of reducing into a small Compass, I converted into Diamonds, which, when the Vessel was wreck'd, I sav'd with Ease—nor do I know that Providence was kind to any but myself; which made me (being here unknown) conceive the Thought of personating a worthy Servant which I lost, and, under that Character, of beholding with my own Eyes my Daughter's Conduct, and what Obligations I lay under to my Friends.

Traff. Your Fortune, Sir, I heartily rejoice at, as well as your Escape; and since by your Goodness my own is like to be enlarg'd, I will endeavour, by promoting the most useful Branches of Commerce, to do all the Good I am able, both to my own Country and to all Mankind.

Goodheart.

Goodheart. Your liberal Sentiments, Sir, are such as I would wish for in a Son.—But as I lay conceal'd, I saw in the House a Gentleman, one Mr. *Wealthy*, a particular Friend of mine when in *Spain*—I wish to see him, and converse with him a little.

Traff. I will fetch him up immediately.

Mr. GOODHEART and LUCIA.

Lucia. Dear Sir, how shall I bear this overwhelming Flood of Happiness?

Goodheart. As you have borne Adversity, my *Lucia*, with Evenness of Mind.—Hitherto you have been call'd upon to suffer Evil—you will now be employ'd in a no less difficult, but more pleasing Task, that of doing Good—as well by your Example as Benevolence.

Lucia. The first, Sir, I will learn from you; and the last, I trust, my own Heart will teach me.

LUCIA, GOODHEART, TRAFFICK, and WEALTHY.

Goodheart. My old Friend, Mr. *Wealthy*! I rejoice to embrace you.

Wealthy. Mr. *Goodheart*! there is not a Friend in the World I should be more glad to see; and the more so, as I was inform'd the Ship was lost on which you embark'd for *England*.

Goodheart. It was, Sir; but Providence, I trust, has preserv'd me for happier Moments than the past. Give me leave to present you my Daughter; and I can boast upon Proof, she is worthy any Man's Friendship.

Wealthy. Lady, I give you Joy of the Recovery of as worthy a Father as ever made a Daughter happy.

Lucia. His Friends, Sir, I shall ever esteem.

Mr.

86 THE INDISCREET LOVER:

*Mr. GOODHEART, WEALTHY, TRAFFICK, LUCIA,
and OLD REYNARD.*

Old Reyn. Odso! odso! here has been strange Doings, I hear, strange Discoveries.—Sir, give me leave to wish you Joy, (*to Mr. Goodheart*) and you, Sir, (*to Traffick*) who I hear are going to be married to this Lady—a beautiful Lady, indeed! a charming Lady! You must give me leave, Madam, to wish you Joy too. (*Saluting her.*) It is my Way, Madam—it is my Way.

Wealthy. This Interview of ours, Sir, has been productive of a very particular Piece of good Fortune to me, that of meeting my esteem'd Friend Mr. *Goodheart* here.

Old Reyn. Ay, ay, Mr. *Wealthy*, I hope it will be productive of more Pleasure yet—I hope it will be productive of more Pleasure.

Traff. Pray, Mr. *Reynard*, where is your Son? I want to return him Thanks for some very particular Proofs of his Friendship.

Old Reyn. Ha! ha! ha!—you'll see him presently, you'll see him presently.—A nimble young Rogue!—here he is already.

GOODHEART, WEALTHY, TRAFFICK, OLD REYNARD, LUCIA, YOUNG REYNARD, and FANNY.

Traff. Ha! *Jack*! what married? May I give you Joy?

Y. Reyn. If this old Gentleman will permit. (*Going up to Wealthy.*) Sir, I hope you will pardon the Boldness of my Affection in presuming to make myself happy with your Daughter without your Consent: I own, Sir, I ought to have ask'd it; but as my Fortune is

is not equal to your Expectations, I dar'd not run the Risk of a Denial, chusing rather to hazard the Loss of her Fortune than her Person.

Traff. Handsomely said, faith, *Jack*.

Goodheart. How is this, Mr. *Wealthy*? I never heard you had a Daughter before.

Wealthy. Nor I neither, Sir.—This Girl, for I will own my Folly, I have kept some Time as a Mistress: but, as old Mr. *Reynard* inform'd me she had play'd me false with his Son, and that the young Gentleman was desirous of marrying her, I told him I thought she could not do better than marry him, and that I should not be displeas'd at it.

Y. Reyn. Is all this true, my Dear?

Fanny. I will not deny it, Sir.—From the Moment I became your Wife, I determin'd never to deceive you.

Y. Reyn. The Devil!—I wish, Madam, you had determin'd so a little sooner. (*Angrily.*)

Fanny. I only waited, Sir, for your Example.

Traff. Ha! ha! ha!—Dear *Reynard*, “excuse me; “I cannot help it—upon my Soul, I cannot help it.”

Old Reyn. Odso! odso! I have made fine Work of it indeed!—very fine Work!—Mr. *Wealthy*, you have us'd me ill—Did not you own she was your Daughter—and assure me, that her Fortune would not be hurt by my Son's marrying her? You have very little Regard for your Reputation.

Wealthy. I told you, Sir, she was not my Daughter; but you were pleas'd to know better than me.—So perceiving that you and your Son had laid your wise Heads together to debauch the Person you suppos'd to be so, and to compel me, as it were, to consent, only for the sake of my Fortune, I e'en gave you Rope enough, and suffered you to hang yourselves.

Traff.

88 THE INDISCREET LOVER:

Traff. Faith, *Jack*, I intended to have been very angry with you on Account of certain Tricks you have play'd me with this Lady; but since you are so happily married, I would not interrupt your Pleasure on your Wedding-day.

Y. Reyn. Faith, *Ned*, this is very unkind of you, to laugh at the Misfortune of a Friend.

Traff. What, Man! distress'd with your Felicity already!—O *Jack*! “The ravishing Delight of enjoying Happiness as the Reward of Conquest!”

Y. Reyn. Curse ye!

Traff. “How different from the lukewarm Pleasure that flows from unresisting Beauty!”

Y. Reyn. Death and the Devil!—what an Ass have I made of myself! I always thought Matrimony was appointed, like tilling of the Ground, to punish Man for his Sins.

TRAFFICK, LUCIA, GOODHEART, WEALTHY, OLD
and YOUNG REYNARD, FANNY, CLODPOLE, and
SALLY TUCKSHEET.

Clodpole (endeavouring to hold back Sally.) Doan't be in such a waundly Passion, Mrs. Sally.

Sally. Get along, you Oaf—don't pretend to hold me—I will be in a Passion.—I am wrong'd, injur'd, ruin'd, and will have Redrefs.—Ar'n't you ashamed of yourself, Sir, (to *Y. Reynard*) to deceive a poor innocent Girl that lov'd you? Didn't you promise to marry me, Villain?—You know you did—and now to forsake me in my Condition, and marry another!—But I'll make you pay for it—I'll go to Law with you for half your Wife's Fortune.

Clodpole. Soa, foa; is that the Kease, Mistrefs?—Adzooks! *Soymon* had like to have been bit.

Y. Reyn. You are very welcome to it all, Child; but it won't do you much Service, I believe—and her Person along with it, if you please—since I find it is not quite so chaste as your own.

Sally. Ar'n't you married then?

Y. Reyn. Yes, my Dear, I am married, to my Sorrow.

Sally. And what am I to do, Villain?

Y. Reyn. Go home, and thank your better Stars that you are not.—I am worse cheated than you, Child; for you are free from your Betrayer, but I am tied to mine for Life.—I always told you Matrimony was a damn'd Thing; but you would not believe me.

Sally. If you are cheated, I'm sure you deserve it—You wouldn't have been so, if you had been as good as your Word to me: For tho' I am poor, I should have lov'd you as long as I liv'd; and tho' I brought you no Fortune, I might have sav'd you one.

Y. Reyn. Ah! *Sally!* I wish I had with all my Heart.—I had rather have married my own Mistress a thousand Times, than another Man's.

Sally. So you say now; but if you had it in your Power, you would not do it.

Fanny. Come, Mrs. *Sally*, you do but expose yourself.—You had better go about your Business.—The Gentleman, you see, is my Husband, and I'll make him take proper Care of the Child, when it comes.

Sally. You make him!—I have a good mind to tear your Eyes out, you impudent Woman, you, to take my Husband from me!—I don't believe you are married as you ought to be, now.

Old Reyn. Yes, yes—I ha' done it—I ha' done it—a pox on't!—I took care of the Licence, and the Church, and the Parson—ruin'd my own Son!—I shall hang myself, I shall hang myself.—Poor Boy!—Poor Boy!

N

Traff.

90 THE INDISCREET LOVER:

Traff. Faith, *Jack*, altho' thou hast offended me in the tenderest Part, I begin to pity thee myself.—Can nothing be done? Suppose you was to offer the Lady a Sum of Money; as the Wedding is not yet consummated, it might be better for both.

Old Reyn. Ay, ay, let her ask in Moderation—What say you, Son?

Y. Reyn. Any thing, Father,—any thing.—What say you, Plague?

Fanny. We are married, Sir, fast as the Church can make us—and I'll make you stand to it.—Use me ill, if you dare.—If you do, you shall have no Peace, Morning, Noon and Night:—I'll abuse your Friends, beat your Servants, run you in Debt, and do every Thing but cuckold you, and that I won't—only because you shall never be releas'd from me.

Y. Reyn. What a Termagant!

Old Reyn. Mercy on us! Mercy on us!

Traff. Poor *Jack*!

Clodpole. I've never saw zuch a Polecat in all my born Days.

Fanny. Mankind have been my Ruin. I have met with nothing but Deceit and Abuse, and now I have it in my Power to be reveng'd—Use me well, Sir! or by Heav'ns I'll make you answer for the Perfidies of your whole Sex—to whom I owe the Loss of Virtue, Fame, and Friends, and of every Thing that could make Life estimable, or even bearable.

Sally. You see, Sir, what you are like to bring me to, whose only Fault has been loving of you. (*Weeps.*)

Lucia. I hope, Sir, by this Time you are convinc'd of the dreadful Consequences of betraying Innocence.

Y. Reyn. I am, Madam, now it is too late; and protest before all this good Company, I would give

up the dearest Hope I ever had, that of Fortune, to restore to a State of Innocence this harmless Girl, who, I verily believe, but for me, would ever have remain'd virtuous.

Sally. Is it possible you can be in earnest, Sir? Would you marry me?

Y. Reyn. As it is the only Way to do it, I would.

Sally. Then, Sir, you have it in your Power to put an end to my Pain, which has been intolerable, and to make me the happiest Woman upon Earth.

Old Reyn. Is the Girl mad?

Y. Reyn. Would you could make your Words good, and deliver me from this Hell upon Earth!

Fanny. You may struggle, Sir, but 'tis in vain; it will only make bad worse.—Turn that Woman out of the Room.

Sally. Be pleas'd to look in my Face, Madam. Can you recollect nothing of me?—What Difference do you think a full Wig, Parson's Gown and Band might make? This Licence too, I think, Mr. *Labyrinth's* Friend put in his Pocket. (*Pulls a Paper out of her Pocket.*)

Fanny. Confusion to all my Hopes of Happiness or Revenge! She has outwitted me!

Y. Reyn. And was you the little Parson?—By Heaven 'tis even so! what a Deliverance! (*Embraces her.*)

Fanny. Still, Sir, I have your Bond, which I will put into immediate Execution.—Mean while, may all the Curses of Wedlock, Strife, Hatred, Wretchedness, and an abandon'd Offspring, attend you. For my Part, I cannot be more wretched than I am.—Henceforth Revenge shall be my only Consolation. (*Runs off.*)

92 THE INDISCREET LOVER:

OLD REYNARD, YOUNG REYNARD, GOODHEART,
LUCIA, TRAFFICK, WEALTHY,* SALLY, and
CLODPOLE.

Old Reyn. Ha! ha! ha! Son, the Bond can't hurt you. I have taken care of that, I have taken care of that.

Y. Reyn. All the Torments the most ingenious Cruelty ever invented, cannot be equal to that of living with such a Woman.

Lucia. Yet 'tis possible, Sir, that even this Woman, had it not been for the Perfidy she complains of, might have made an amiable and affectionate Wife; since the Spirit of Révenge, by which she is so violently agitated, must be in Proportion to the delicate Sense she has of those Virtues and Advantages which she has been robb'd of.

Y. Reyn. It is too true, Madam.

Lucia. Then, Sir, I hope you will not falsify your Promise to this young Woman; but, since you can no other Way repair the Injury you have done her, will, by convincing her that the faithful Attachment of a good Husband is a Woman's best Security and greatest Happiness, teach her to look back with Horror at the Pit from which she is escap'd; and I doubt not she will endeavour by every Means in her Power to requite that Goodness which she feels the happy Influence of.

Traff. Inestimable Treasure!—O *Jack!* how could'st thou tempt me to abuse such an Angel!—Tell me now, what is Fortune?

Y. Reyn. I am a Dog.—Had the Sex been all *Lucias*, I might have thought otherwise.

Lucia. But it is hard, Mr. *Reynard*, you should take your Sample of the Sex from that Part which has laid aside its distinguishing Characteristick, Modesty.

Sally.

Sally. Generous Lady! if Mr. *Reynard* will condescend to make me his Wife, he shall never have Occasion to repent:—It shall be my constant Study to promote his Happiness and Interest, and to make him amends by my Frugality for the Want of Fortune.

Wealthy. Mr. *Reynard*, you have deliver'd me from a Termagant I was tir'd of, but whose violent Spirit made me fear to turn her off; and as I have in some measure occasion'd your present Difficulties, I will make you a Present of two thousand Pounds on your Marriage with this spirited young Woman, who I think has well deserv'd you, and thus endeavour, by one good Action, to atone for those bad ones which I have long been sorry for.

Old Reyn. Egad, Son! she's a mettled Girl, and a careful Girl; and for Family—what makes it but Money? A Penny sav'd is a Penny got.—Follow my Instructions, and you shall come to be Lord-Mayor yet.—E'en marry her, I say, and take the Money while the Gentleman's in the Mind.

Traff. Come, *Jack*, she's handsome, no Fool, and has won you fairly.

Y. Reyn. Well, Hussy, here I take you for ever—and will make you the best Husband I can. This House is yours, which I will immediately discharge of its present Possessors, and never more seek for Pleasure that Way, without I am disappointed at home.

Sally. Which you shall never be whilst I can give it you.

Lucia. Since all Parties are now like to be made happy, permit me, Mr. *Wealthy*, to put in a small Plea in behalf of the unfortunate Person you were pleas'd to acknowledge as the Object of your blameable Pleasures—Make her now the Object of your unblameable ones—

Sally.

ones—I mean your Charity and Benevolence:—
Thus you may possibly remove from her Mind that Spirit of Prejudice and Revenge which seems to have possessed it, and give her Reason to believe, that, if Women were more virtuous, Men would be less perfidious.

Wealthy. Amiable Lady! Depend upon it, it shall be her own Fault if she is not properly provided for.

Goodheart. Mr. *Reynard*, it is usual for those that rail at Matrimony to collect together into one Picture all the Humours, Faults, and Unhappineffes of the whole Body of Married Couples.—Let me tell you, that is unfair.—Shou'd you do so by the Unmarried, it would be utterly detestable.—We are all subject to some Weaknesses, and should be prepar'd reciprocally to allow for them: But upon the whole, you will find that Marriage, by happily uniting the Cords of Interest with the Bands of Affection, is infinitely the best suited to make happy a State, where mutual Wants stand in need of mutual Assistance; and that Heaven, which first instituted it, will ever continue to it a peculiar Blessing.

END of the FIFTH ACT.

Occasional EPILOGUE.

Spoken in the Characters of a *Soldier* and a *Sailor*, who,
after the Curtain is let down, come from each Side,
and shake Hands in the Middle of the Stage.

Sold. *WHAT*, honest Petarero !

Sail. — — — Peter Prime !

Sold. *Ha ! where hast been, my Boy, this hugeous Time ?*

Sail. *I've been to trim the Nabobs, fight the Blacks,
And cram with their Rupees our empty Sacks :
But what hast thou been at, my Heart of Oak ?
What brought you here to see these Acting Folk ?*

Sold. *Necessity — for, faith, to tell you true,
This Peace-Time Soldiers have enough to do
To fill their empty Bellies — Bread's so dear —
And then that cursed Tax upon Strong-Beer.
But Moll supplies with Oranges the Pit,
And I keep Places — thus we pick a Bit.
There — don't you see your old Acquaintance stand ?
Her Orange-Basket dangling in her Hand.*

[Pointing to a Fruit-Girl.

Sail. *Aye, so she does — I thought, when I set sail,
Her Main-Sheet seem'd to swell before the Gale —
What 'came of that Incumbrance ?*

Sold. — — — *Faith, my Lad,
'Twent very hard with me — for Times were bad —
An empty Belly, and an empty Purse,
And not a Cross for Midwife or for Nurse :
Though, when my Country call'd, I've stood unmov'd
In Fields of Death — to see the Wife I lov'd
Endanger'd and distress'd in Time of Need,
Made my Tears flow, and my poor Heart to bleed.*

Sail. *Well, thou'rt an honest Fellow — shake a Paw ;
And with these Dollars mend the present Flaw.*

[Giving Money.

What

E P I L O G U E.

*What ail my Eyes? — your Story moves me so —
But not this Whining — and now let us know
How got you out this Scrape?*

*Sold. — — — There! look around!
As gen'rous Worthies as e'er trod the Ground.
These Gents and Nobles — Blessings on them fall!
Reliev'd their Soldier, and preserv'd poor Moll.
Why, Man, they've got a House in Brownlow-Street,
Where, once a Week, for this Intent they meet;
And there they club their Heads, and Gold galore,
To drive Distress from ev'ry poor Man's Door;
And while to serve our King abroad we roam,
They save our Wives from Misery at home.
This Play you've seen was all of their Invention,
To raise Supplies to serve their kind Intention.*

*Sail. Aye, say you so — 'fore George — wilt have a
Quid? [Offering his Box.
If I before had known it, I'd have slid —
A Guinea in the honest Fellow's Hand
That kept the Door — the Thing is nobly plann'd —
If thus it is they use their Pow'r and Wealth,
I'll fight their Battles, and I'll drink their Health;
Wherever Danger calls, I'll be their Man —
Let Don or Munseer hurt them if they can.*

E R R A T A.

- P. 19. l. 4. for *Brothel* read *Place of free Entertainment*.
P. 21. l. 19. for *Letcher* read *Debauchee*.
P. 77. l. 1. of *Lucia's* Speech, for *Days* read *Hours*.
N. B. The Reader is requested to erase the Name of
Tucksheet wherever it occurs, and read *Sally* only.

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have a
Box.

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s.
ame of